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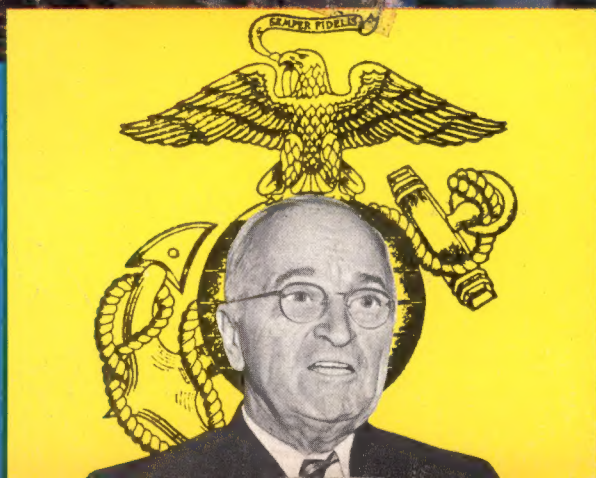
MARCH

Flight Into Death's Ravine—to Find the Lost Battalion



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"Harry Truman was right
when he slammed the
Marine Corps..."

WHAT DID HARRY SAY?



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Cavalier

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VOL. 11 NO. 93

John H. Hickerson, *Advertising Manager*

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Collection—Washington School of Art, Exhibited at Chicago Art Institute. FIGURE by Jon Corbino

Be Your Own Art Teacher

New art course develops your hidden talent right at home, under successful artists, for only 20¢ a day

WOULDN'T YOU like to enjoy the life of a successful artist?

Imagine the thrill of illustrating stories and articles for newspapers or magazines. Of working in the art department of an advertising agency designing layouts. Of turning out package designs; art for TV programs, greeting cards, department stores. It's easier than you think. With jobs for trained artists so plentiful these days, it's not unusual for beginners to start at \$95 to \$125 a week. More experienced people often earn \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. And there are plenty of top-notchers in the \$25,000 and up bracket.

As an exciting hobby, Art offers the thrill of creative self-expression, new friends, popularity, self-confidence. Hold "one-man" shows and exhibits.

If you're artistically inclined—like to doodle, sketch a little, fool around with a pencil, it's a good indication that you may have hidden art ability. The Washington School of Art was founded many years ago to uncover this ability in people like you and develop it to where it can make money for you.

Like Having Art Lessons Right In Your Living Room

Twelve well-known artists have prepared a fascinating Course of Art Instruction for busy people. You take this Course in your home. It costs about 20¢ a day. There's no need to leave school, quit your job, or change your life in any way. In just a few minutes

a day you receive complete training in Oil and Watercolor Painting, Commercial Art, Cartooning, Lettering, Fashion Drawing, TV Art, and much more. No previous art training needed.

So effective is the Washington School of Art Course that it has been likened to "having art classes right in your living room." The secret is personalized instruction. A skilled instructor, assigned to you personally, carefully goes over each assignment you send in. He clearly sets forth his comments, suggestions, and ideas—makes a tissue overlay on your work to show exactly how to improve your technique. You never guess, feel confused or discouraged, or make false starts. It is like having an understanding professional right at your elbow to speed your progress.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

If you are sincerely interested in becoming an artist, mail the coupon today for our illustrated 36-page book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." It describes the complete Course, special student services, the 2 big Art Outfits given with the Course, and the many "extras" you receive at NO extra cost; tells what students have accomplished. There is no obligation—and no salesman will call. **WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 1373, Port Washington, N. Y. Established 1914—Licensed by the N. Y. State Education Department.**

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DRAWING. Even if you "can't draw a straight line" now, you will be amazed at how quickly the Washington School of Art home-study Course has you making well-composed drawings.

OUR STUDENTS SAY:



"Whenever there's a sign to be painted, a truck to be lettered, or a cartoon needed, people turn to me. My business is building steadily and I look forward to a profitable future in art." — **H. Reeves, Jr., Wash. State**

"Am only 18, yet I have my own studio making lots of money... all because I am receiving your art training." — **David L. Blackwood, Wesleyville, Nfld.**

"At a free exhibit I dared—for the first time—to present my work. I am very happy with the results: the selling of several of my paintings (\$150 worth!) was a demonstration of public acceptance for different techniques applied in my pictures." — **M. Mekis, Santiago, Chile**



OIL PAINTING. Imagine the thrill of creating beautiful paintings in oils; holding one-man shows, winning new friends. Noted artists explain step-by-step how to master this fascinating medium.



CARTOONING. Hundreds and hundreds of comic strips, cartoons, are "gobbled up" daily by magazines, newspapers, TV commercials, etc. The money is good, and you don't have to be a "great artist."



WATERCOLOR. Watercolors give you brilliant color effects with a spontaneous quality. Mario Cooper, N.A., President of the American Watercolor Society, created the WSA lesson on watercolors.



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Editor's Turn



NOW HEAR THIS

William Baggerley McKean, the rugged gentleman saying those things about the Marine Corps on page 13, is bound to get some heat from his fellow Leathernecks. We're sure there will be those who'll say McKean has an axe to grind. He was the man in charge of training at Parris Island when the six Marines drowned in Ribbon Creek in March of 1957 and the panicky Marine brass made him the scapegoat.

Anybody who knows Bill McKean will know this isn't the case at all. The general has had his particular ideas about the comparative value of fighting men for a long time. Many of these things expressed here were said by McKean's friend, Gen. Fritz "Dopey" Wise, years ago, but nobody ever had to think for McKean. He came by his knowledge of fighting men first hand. He's a Marine who earned his way by what he did at places like Guadalcanal.

When the Marines passed the buck and gave him the double cross over the Ribbon Creek affair, it was a disgraceful thing. The rugged training at Parris Island had the approval of the Marine brass and every marine everywhere. No one ever said the system was perfect, but once a public error was made the system was challenged and condemned and a man who was simply carrying out orders—Bill McKean—was thrown to the dogs. Though he wrote a book *Ribbon Creek* about this tragedy and its aftermath, he never whimpered—which is more than his superiors (in rank only) at the time can say.

And before you guys start yapping remember that one of the things lots of you like about CAVALIER is the fact that we give our writers so much freedom we get a lot of ideas exchanged.

SHELL SCOTT'S ON DECK

... in the April issue with a neat adventure called *The Bawdy Beautiful*. In May we'll have a new Mickey Spillane novelette. And another Bill Huie story will be in the same issue.

And speaking of Huie, we were gratified at the response to his Chessman story. The mail ratio was about 25 to 1 for Huie. His upcoming story is different from anything he's done for us before.

As we go to press we read in the sports section of *Newsweek* that Estes Kefauver didn't bring up the question of payola to boxing writers (CAVALIER Jan. 1961 issue) in his December hearings because he didn't feel it was important. Baloney!

ROBERT ABELS

Robert Abels is one of the best known gunsmiths in America. On page 38 you'll see the beginning of his collection of Bowie knives. It is rather startling to drop into Mr. Abels' small shop on Lexington Avenue in the middle of New

York City and find yourself surrounded by guns and knives from just about every American era.

In return for his splendid cooperation we'll give Mr. Abels a short commercial here. He is interested in buying Bowie knives and old firearms and the address is 860 Lexington Ave., New York City.

PLAYBOY ON A SHOESTRING

We have always felt that anybody with enough dough who wanted to become a big international playboy on the order of Aly Khan, Baby Pignatori or Farouk could do so.

Sepy Dobronyi, the guy we tell you about on page 44, started with nothing but a lot of confidence and a good line of gab. Sepy is not the greatest sculptor in the world, but somehow this doesn't seem to matter to the many lasses who model for him.

At the moment Sepy is starting a Black Sheep Club in Miami and seems destined to become Florida's answer to Mike Romanoff.

PACK OF STOGIES DEPT.

The right answer for November's question: General Johnston surrendered over 31,000 men to General Sherman on April 18, 1865, at Durham Station, N. C. Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox took place nine-days earlier and involved just under 28,000 Confederate troops.

Now here's this month's teaser: What nationality was Cleopatra, the Zsa Zsa Gabor of the Nile?

COLLECTOR'S ITEM: BARRETT'S BACK!

William E. Barrett is back on our pages with a fascinating story of the 50th Squadron. We don't know if the surviving members of the 50th will claim this, but it seems to us that the 50th invented the airlift.

We keep getting mail asking us about an issue devoted entirely to WW I aviation. We would like to point out that there is a Fawcett book, *The First War Planes* (75¢) on the stands now.

—Bob Curran

THIS MAGAZINE GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make such an offer for one reason only—to get new readers by calling attention forcibly to CAVALIER as a magazine whose editors are so proud of the material between its covers that they will make this sensational offer.

All we ask in making this offer is that you give us a "fair shake." Read every story in the magazine, then ask yourself this question: Have I received the value of the purchase price of CAVALIER in reading entertainment?

If the answer is "Yes," then we know we have gained another steady reader.

If the answer is "No," then:

1. Return the complete front cover of this magazine to us.

2. Write us a letter (pen and ink or type-written) of not less than 50 words telling us why you did not like the magazine.

3. Send your letter and the front cover of CAVALIER in the same envelope by first class mail to CAVALIER, Department 2, New York 36, N. Y.

This offer closes March 1, 1961.

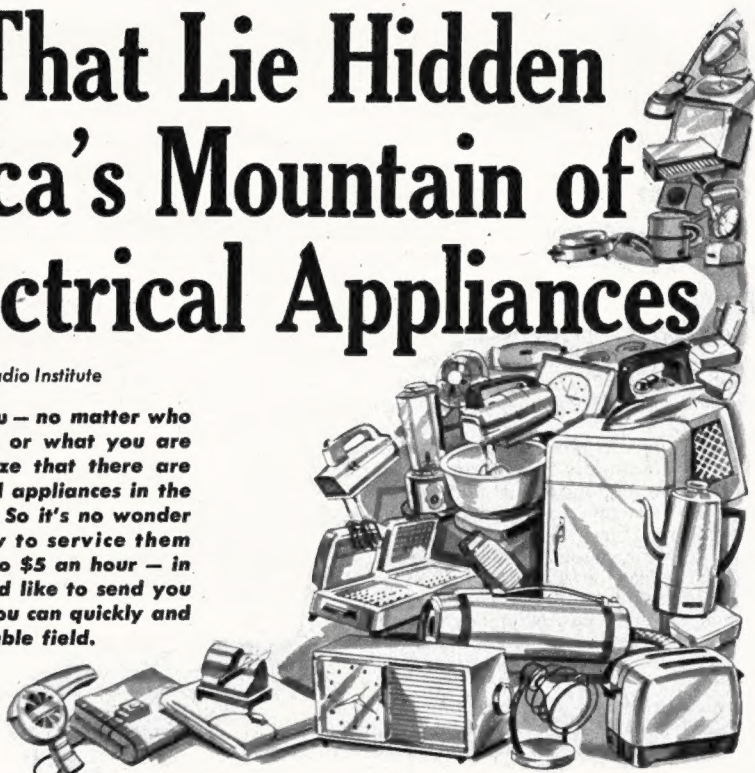
CAVALIER Magazine

Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances

By J. M. Smith President, National Radio Institute



And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



THE COMING OF THE AUTO created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

The appliance repair business is booming — because the sale of appliances is booming. One thing naturally follows the other. In addition to the 400,000,000 appliances *already* sold, this year alone will see sales of 76 million *new* appliances. For example, 4,750,000 new coffee makers, almost 2,000,000 new room air conditioners, 1,425,000 new clothes dryers. A nice steady income awaits the man who can service appliances like these. And I want to tell you why that man can be *you* — even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now.

A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reid, of Thompson, Ohio: "In one month I took in approximately \$648 of which \$510 was clear. I work only part time." And, to take a big jump out to California, here's one from

J. G. Stinson, of Long Beach: "I have opened up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to it."

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. What John D. Pettis, of Bradley, Illinois wrote to me is this: "I had practically no knowledge of any kind of repair work. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off — and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in my basement."

We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in this fascinating, profitable, rapidly growing field — let us give you the home training you need. Here's an excellent opportunity to build up "a business of your own" without big investment — "open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or you may prefer to keep your present job, turn your spare time into extra money."

You can handle this work anywhere — in a corner of your basement or garage, even

on your kitchen table. No technical experience, or higher education is necessary. We'll train you at home, in your spare time, using methods proven successful for over 45 years. We start from scratch — tell you in plain English, and show you in clear pictures — everything you need to know. And, you will be glad to know, your training will cost you less than 20¢ a day.

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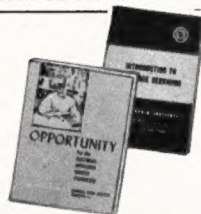
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THRUST AND PARRY

Address all beefs and comments to CAVALIER Magazine, 67 W. 44th St., New York City 36, N. Y.

WILD BLUE'S NOT SO YONDER

I've been reading your wonderful magazine for years. I like the wide variety of subjects you write about and I especially enjoy your war stories.

Martin Caidin's "The Day Hell Reached Heaven" (Dec.) kept me on the edge of my favorite over-stuffed chair as I relived some of the terrifying moments I spent as a tail-gunner on a B-24 Liberator.

I was in the 15th Air Force, 449th Bomber Group. My heart went out for the boys on the Schweinfurt raid, but we had our moments, too. Ploesti, Vienna, Regensburg, Linz—to name a few.

True, we had some "milk runs" (although at that time I wouldn't admit it) as did the Eighth. But I'm sure we all found there are no foxholes in the sky.

Don Tuttle
Augusta, Maine

Am writing you about the fine story in the Dec. issue of your magazine titled "The Day Hell Reached Heaven." I read it on November 8, 1960, but very easily could have been waking up on October 15, 1943, and remembering what happened the day before.

You see, I was there with the 325th Sqdn., 92nd Bomber Group. I have read the story twice and found nothing that was falsified. Hell is exactly what the mission was.

The statement in your story that many a man came back scared for life, inwardly, was very correct. The feeling of going through a raid like that is beyond the comprehension of most people. There never was anything to equal the ferocity of Schweinfurt.

ex-S/Sgt. E. W. House, Jr.
Bhom, Ala.

CLASSIC CARS

Your picture spread on the Carriage Cavalcade ("Florida's Most Glamorous Garage," Jan.) was a real beaut. I'm disappointed, though, that in the group shot on page 28 you identified only the Mercedes 540-K. The little black car in back of it is one of the most interesting cars ever introduced in America.

It's a 1913 Imp Cycle car—one of the very first cycle cars. It had a two-cylinder, air-cooled engine, and a remarkably low price—just \$375.

The open black car on the left is certainly one that shouldn't have been neglected. It's the most famous car of all time—the Model T Ford. And the elegant town car in the rear on the right is a classic of a very different sort. It's a six-cylinder, 1914 Rolls Royce.

I really did enjoy your story, though, and I hope you'll soon have more on other car museums.

B. Finch
Los Angeles, Calif.



Just read your fine article on Immelmann titled "Immelmann: Mystery Killer of the Sky." (Nov.) You were wise in mentioning the controversy concerning his death. I have three books in my collection that mention Immelmann. Two claim a part of his propeller flew off and this jarred the plane to pieces. The other version is that Capt. Ball challenged Immelmann to a personal duel at 2 p.m. above Vimy Ridge.

The CAVALIER story gave it straight. The duel story sounds like a legend.

William E. Dion
Wilbraham, Mass.

NIPPON NOTE

Although I am far from my home of Muskegon, Mich., I receive CAVALIER every month and get a joy out of reading it—even my wife does. Your magazine is well-liked even overseas in places like Japan.

AJ2C Robert J. Walker
APO San Francisco, Calif.

THEY WANT MORE

Thanks for your great stories on World War I. Wish there were more—but then I'm a glutton.

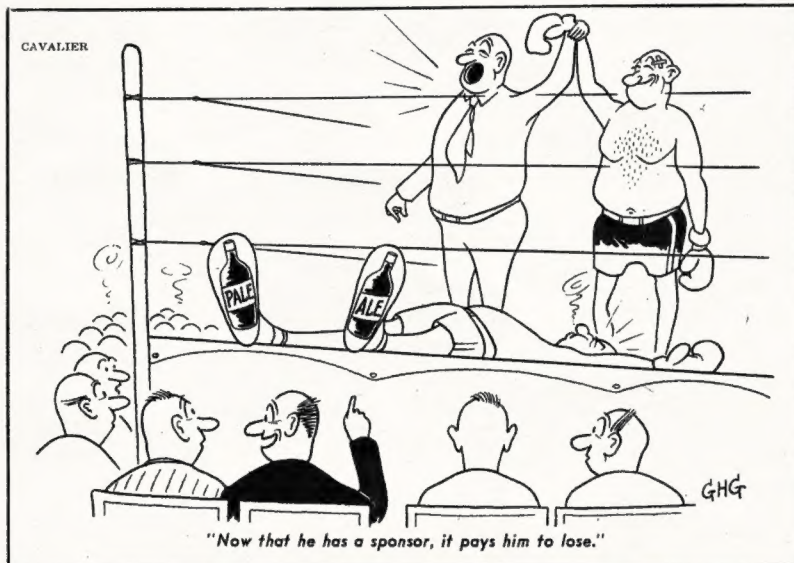
M. H. Trussell
Glendale, West Va.

I have just finished your story on Max Immelmann. ("Immelmann: Mystery Killer of the Sky," Nov.) I really enjoyed it. Your W.W.I stories are great.

Sonny Lytton
Rockville, Md.

The only complaint I have is that you should have about three times as much info and pics of W.W.I aircraft. I enjoyed the portfolio in the December issue immensely. ("Found: The Lost Colors of Germany's War Birds.") How about some more?

Kent S. Lentz
Torrance, Calif.
Please turn to page 8



"Now that he has a sponsor, it pays him to lose."

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THRUST AND PARRY

[Continued from page 6]

I found it too good to be true in the December issue of CAVALIER. Every article, every cartoon, every joke was even better than the November issue.

I found the Horror Fiction to Remember, "The Mandarin's Canaries," was even more tensely exciting than "Psycho." (And that is saying a lot!)

What really caught my eye was, "The Lost Colors of Germany's War Birds." It causes me to ask you a question. Why don't you fellows put out a book especially dedicated to World War I? I am sure that I would not be the only reader who would be interested in such a book.

Keep up the good work.

J. Carlton Cooper
Waco, Texas

Hey, Coop, there is such a book put out by our company. It's *The First War Planes* by William E. Barrett and sells for 75¢.

CUBAN CRISIS

I just finished Herman Marks', "I was Castro's Killer," one of the most enlightening stories ever. (Dec. CAVALIER.)

I can understand why Herman Marks would have joined Castro's rebels. Castro did sound convincing in his promises of a land of plenty.

I admire Mr. Marks for realizing his mistake and washing his hands of the whole Communist mess.

One question. Why does the U.S. do almost nothing while its citizens are butchered and bled by a bearded non-conformist who is mimicking the tactics of Hitler and Stalin?

I don't know if everybody feels the same as I do about the Cuban situation, but I hope you print this so some other readers can comment on it.

Cecil A. Park, Jr.
Merced, Calif.

I am a sailor stationed on an island in the Pacific which is struggling to prevent becoming what Cuba has become: Taiwan. I read CAVALIER every month it comes out, but usually I just read the fiction and profiles. But your exclusive article (Castro: Communism and Terror) by Fulgencio Batista (Nov.) had quite an effect on me. It gave me hope that

maybe somehow this article will get into Cuba and into the hands of the citizens of Cuba.

That article could be the final straw that could break Castro's back, and make Cuba a free nation once more.

I have met and seen the people who have escaped from the Chinese mainland, and they are a broken people who can not think for themselves anymore. I met a man who once had owned much land, he had a happy family, and was contented before the Communists came into their land. When he came over to Taiwan, the only thing he owned were the clothes on his back, and his wife was dead from overwork. His children had been taken by the government to be educated into the Communist way of life, and he will never see them again.

I do not want to see the people of Cuba become like this.

I pray to God that the people of Cuba will wake up and realize what Castro is doing to them rather than stand in the middle and wait to see who will win, Castro or the counter-revolutionaries hidden in the mountains.

Lawrence E. Stauffer, RMSN USN
APO San Francisco, Calif.

FOUND HORIZON

As a CAVALIER regular, I thought the December issue was truly stupendous. The color pictures of the W.W.I airplanes were superb. Even Robert Bloch's horror story was excellent. I'm no fortune teller, but I see unlimited horizons for CAVALIER's future.

Of especial interest to me, as a combat veteran (I was a Marine paratrooper in W.W. II) and as a flying saucer buff, was Martin Caidin's harrowing account of the Schweinfurt raid. ("The Day Hell Reached Heaven.") What a bloody show that must have been. I certainly intend to buy his book, *Black Thursday*.

Stephen J. Brickner
Philadelphia, Pa.

LIKES SHAVE FOR DAVE

Thanks for the slap at that unctuous bloke Garroway.

Keep that rag of yours hummin'. It's a must in my digs. Just loved that Shell Scott caper. And how about some Mike Shayne right soon?

G. Edward Langhaan
Norwalk, Conn.

KID STORY

I don't give a hoot about Lew Wallace's writing ability. ("The Hero Who Spawned Ben Hur," Jan. CAVALIER.) As a man, however, he fell short of the target. Grant had him pegged for a two-bit rattlesnake, and the mean stunt he pulled on Billy the Kid proves it. If Wallace had been a man of his word about that pardon, the Kid might have turned into a decent citizen.

Author Hamilton says: "While being held under close guard, the Kid got his hands on a gun secreted in the jail by a friend." Have you got proof? All information—and history—says that the Kid was tormented into a fit by the guard (who was oiling a shotgun and kept pointing it at his head and pulling the trigger on an empty chamber). The Kid, handcuffed, exploded out of his chair and ran down the hallway of the upper story of the two-floored building. Throwing his shoulder against a wood door, he busted into the arms room and took one of several pistols kept there by the jailers. You can consult books by Pat Garrett and Charles Siringo for the truth.

James B. Davis
Austin, Texas

According to *The Tragic Days of Billy the Kid* by Frazier Hunt, the Kid found the escape gun in the jail privy where a friend had hidden it. Hunt's source is Lt. Col. Maurice G. Fulton, long a New Mexico professor and student of Billy the Kid fact and legend.

CRAVES CONTROVERSY

Gee, the way you blast off at Arlene Francis, anyone'd think you were jealous rivals of hers whom she'd nosed out in the current running of the Tab Hunter Sweepstakes. As long as you're going to spend two high-priced pages a month finding fault, why don't you quarrel with something worth quarreling with?

Or can't you afford real controversies which might alienate your audience?

Thil Smith
Springfield, Mass.

Well, Mr. Smith, if "Lynching, Northern Style," the Huie stories on Poplarsville, Sgt. York and Chessman; Bill Walker's blast at the *I Want to Live* movie hoax, and Sara Harris's exposé of "How Big Business Uses Babies" (done before Ed Murrow did his) aren't controversial, you can apply the flat of your blade to us any time.

P.S. Read page 80 of the January issue. We hope someone else has had the guts to comment on this by the time you read this—but that's controversy too hot for most to dare handle.

WHO CARES?

Stop living in the past. Richthofen's dead—you'll admit that I hope—and so why waste time and space when we could be talking about something else like How To Make Beer at Home.

Joe Aldrich
Chicago, Ill.

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"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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Boom was lowered on Truman when he said Marines had "propaganda machine almost equal to Stalin's."

Harry Truman Was Right When He Slammed The Marines

A Marine General challenges the Marine myth and says many of the Corps' proudest claims just don't jibe with the facts—despite what the eager leatherneck press agents say

by William B. McKean, Brig. Gen. U.S.M.C. (retired)

● Unborn historians may not judge Harry Truman the leading statesman of our generation, yet they're going to miss a sure bet if they don't brand him the leading politician. Politics is like a game of stud, and Truman was keen at poker. Most who tried him out found him looking down their throats. Yet there were exceptions.

Our dauntless Marines once bluffed President Truman and, taken in by their table talk, he declined to call. But Truman held the winning hand, even though he folded. Still it was just one hand in the modern sport of propaganda and public enlightenment, and one hand seldom costs the game. While Truman was both right and President, he said: "When I make a mistake, I try to correct it." In national politics it is often smart to fold a winning hand when there is only a small pot.

Truman's hassle with the Marines actually began when he stepped into office. The Corps fought desperately, under cover, against his pet Unification Act, which was passed in 1947. Then, right after Defense Secretary James Forrestal opened his new office for business, long bickering over "roles and missions" culminated in the 1949 "Revolt of the Admirals." Truman had sounded the undercurrents, and well knew all that happened. In fact he nearly ousted Marine Commandant Clifton Cates, but he couldn't finger him with concrete evidence—besides he respected the Marine publicity apparatus.

"Unification" actually became "triplification" and made the Air Force so independent it soon wanted to manage the whole show. Yet the Corps hankered fervently to be independent, too: If marines were limited to seagoing, the task which gave them birth, it was clear they would soon find themselves among the unemployed. Yet, hard selling—claiming to be a soldier and sailor and airman too—could put one of them in the front office.

A strategic break came when a few marines and many soldiers were fighting on the Pusan perimeter in Korea. August 21, 1950, Congressman Gordon McDonough (Republican, California) wrote President Truman urging that the Marine Corps have its own representative on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which would certainly be an executive-style desk in the Pentagon front office.

On August 29, Harry Truman answered:

"I read with a lot of interest your letter in regard to the Marine Corps. For your information, the Marine Corps is the Navy's police force and as long as I am President that is what it will remain. They have a propaganda machine that is almost equal to Stalin's.

"Nobody desires to belittle the efforts of the Marine Corps but when the Marine Corps goes into the Army it works with and for the Army and that is the way it should be."

Friday, September 1, McDonough had both letters published in the *Congressional Record*, but bureaucrats cherish their weekends and besides the Marine Corps League wasn't going to meet in annual convention in Washington till Tuesday, and surely would have something to say then.

Please turn page



Author William Baggerly McKean

Harry Truman Was Right When He Slammed The Marines

Continued from preceding page

The League, just by numbers more exclusive, resembles the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. Local meetings are usually devoted to blackjack and beer unless important business alters the agenda. Such business, for instance, is suppressing every hint of defamation of the Corps and increasing Marine prestige on any provocation. The League, in fact, is the finest advertising agency in the country without an office on Madison Avenue, and the cheapest propaganda machine in the world. All it costs the taxpayer is a few letters and a rare telegram from Headquarters Marine Corps when the fat is in the fire.

Tuesday, September 5, the Marine Corps League convened with ruffles and flourishes. The brotherhood had powerful ammunition, right in the *Congressional Record*, with which to lay a heavy concentration on the White House—and next to God, whom the brothers seldom mention with His due reverence, even the President is less vaunted than the proudly-claimed title of *Marine*.

This well-aimed fire struck Washington on a quiet day. Liners at sea and in the air were navigating sweetly, movie queens were chaste in public, and men weren't biting dogs. The only mark of holocaust was in Korea far away. Recovered from lost weekends, reporters gave their all, particularly with interviews—a fruitful ploy when newsmen must file copy in a hurry.

League Commandant Clay Nixon led off: He believed the President had the motivation of an old Army man who "held some of the resentment of the other services against the Marines because of the front page publicity they have received that was warranted by their action."

Senator Edward Thyne (Republican, Minnesota): "Shocking."

Senator George Aiken (Republican, Vermont): "Indiscreet, incorrect, and uncalled for."

Senator Owen Brewster (Republican, Maine): "The most incredible statement I've ever heard."

Senator Bourke Hickenlooper (Republican, Iowa): "I presume that ghosts from the halls of Montezuma, from Château Thierry, and Tarawa will be aroused today over this insult to this glorious and sacrificial body of Americans."

Marine Commandant Cates (with hurt expression): "I have no statement to make at this time." Naturally Cates, through McDonough and the League, was fighting for the honor of the Corps—and a seat for himself with the Joint Chiefs.

Wednesday morning, Truman realized his political rump was in a

bight. The story had made the front page of the *New York Times*. Quickly White House messengers bore a letter to General Cates and a carbon copy to the League. Truman apologized for his unfortunate choice of language, but insisted that the corps, by law, is an integral part of the Navy. He continued:

"I am profoundly aware of the magnificent history of the United States Marine Corps, and of the many heroic deeds of the Marines since the Corps was established in 1775. I personally learned of the splendid combat spirit of the Marines when the Fourth Marine Brigade of the Second Infantry Division fought in France in 1918."

Instead of wasting his blue chips, ex-artillery Captain Truman might have checked, and put his staff to work on history. But Thursday he appeared by surprise at the Statler, shook hands with Cates, made that little speech about correcting his mistakes, and received a standing ovation. Truman folded when he should have raised—unless as a politician he would rather have been President than right.

Now contending Truman was right necessitates an argument to support it, historical documentation rather than vociferous emotion. We should try to discover whether unrestrained Marine ballyhoo is beneficial or detrimental to our nation. Should we believe it? Should it continue?

Let's begin with an old cliché: "Tell it to the marines." Today's blatant [Continued on page 75]



Marines have right to be proud of "frozen Chosin" action, but McKean says it was not "an attack in the other direction."

DON'T TELL THIS TO THE MARINES!

Every marine boot leaving Parris Island thinks he belongs to the finest military outfit in the world. Why? Because his DI (ignorant of history) drenched him in propaganda. Here is a sample:

LEGEND: The Marine Corps Birthday (officially celebrated around the world these last 40 years) is November 10, 1775.

FACT: The Marine Corps Birthday is July 11, 1798.

LEGEND: (Published in official orders.) Marines in the fighting tops of the *Bon Homme Richard* enabled John Paul Jones to defeat the *Serapis* in 1779.

FACT: The only American in *Richard*, not a sailor, was Capt. Alexander Dick, Continental Army.

LEGEND: "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli; we fight our country's battles..."

FACT: In 1847 marines stood guard on the National Palace after the fall of Mexico City. In 1804, under command of an ex-Army captain, eight marines fought alongside 150 Greeks and Arabs at Tripoli.

LEGEND: "First to fight for right and freedom..."

FACT: In the Revolution it was militia, since then our Navy and Army have alternated in major wars (with a few marines aboard ship).

LEGEND: *Semper Fidelis* (always faithful).

FACT: Civil War Marine desertions equalled the maximum strength of the Corps.

LEGEND: The only military service in the world without a mutiny.

FACT: Amid the 1919-1920 Haitian revolt 80 "duration of war" marines at Ouanaminthe were court-martialed and 50 convicted of mutiny.

LEGEND: (Published in *Marine Corps Gazette*.) Marine regimental standards have never been captured.

FACT: This true assertion leads to a false conclusion. Fourth Marines (after burning their colors) surrendered May 6, 1942, with the rest of the Corregidor garrison.

LEGEND: Marines have never suffered defeat.

FACT: Sunday, July 21, 1861, Maj. John Reynolds' battalion of 348 marines, after four times being rallied into position covering an artillery battery, scattered and ran nearly 30 miles from Manassas to the Potomac long bridge.

LEGEND: Marines never retreat (or withdraw).

FACT: The latest (of many) was in 1951 when First Marine Division executed a magnificent retreat in North Korea. Cribbing his remark from Marine history, Gen. Oliver Smith claimed: "We just kept fighting in another direction." In the attack on the castle at Chapultepec, Mexico, September 12-13, 1847, the marines "retired" more than once and finally a small group of marines needed help from the Army to get into the city; together, they again "retired."

LEGEND: "Tell it to the marines" signifies "If a marine will accept that statement, you can believe it."

FACT: The full ancient maxim was: "That will do for marines, the sailors wouldn't believe it."

Brig. Gen. William B. McKean, U.S.M.C. (ret.)



Sgt. Dan Daly won fame thanks to correspondent Floyd Gibbons, one of Corps' best tub thumpers.



Gibbons hadn't intended to glorify the battle, but was wounded before he could correct story.

Sweets To The Sweet

By the author of *PSYCHO*—another great spine-chilling story of suspense

by Robert Bloch

Illustrated by Don Albright

● Irma didn't look like a witch.

She had small, regular features, a peaches-and-cream complexion, blue eyes, and fair, almost ash-blond hair. Besides, she was only eight years old.

"Why does he tease her so?" sobbed Miss Pall. "That's where she got the idea in the first place—because he calls her a little witch."

Sam Steever bulked his paunch back into the squeaky swivel chair and folded his heavy hands in his lap. His fat lawyer's mask was immobile, but he was really quite distressed.

Women like Miss Pall should never sob. Their glasses wiggle, their thin noses twitch, their creasy eyelids redden, and their stringy hair becomes disarrayed.

"Please, control yourself," coaxed Sam Steever. "Perhaps if we could just talk this whole thing over sensibly—"

"I don't care!" Miss Pall sniffled. "I'm not going back there again. I can't stand it. There's nothing I can do, anyway. The man is your brother and she's your brother's child. It's not my responsibility. I've tried—"

"Of course you've tried." Sam Steever smiled benignly, as if Miss Pall were foreman of a jury. "I quite understand. But I still don't see why you are so upset, dear lady."

Miss Pall removed her spectacles and dabbed at her eyes with a floral-print handkerchief. Then she deposited the soggy ball in her purse, snapped the catch, replaced her spectacles, and sat up straight.

"Very well, Mr. Steever," she said. "I shall do my best to acquaint you with my reasons for quitting your brother's employ."

She suppressed a tardy sniff.

"I came to John Steever two years ago in

response to an advertisement for a housekeeper, as you know. When I found that I was to be governess to a motherless six-year-old child, I was at first distressed. I know nothing of the care of children."

"John had a nurse the first six years," Sam Steever nodded. "You know Irma's mother died in childbirth."

"I am aware of that," said Miss Pall, primly. "Naturally, one's heart goes out to a lonely, neglected, little girl. And she was so terribly lonely, Mr. Steever—if you could have seen her, moping around in the corners of that big, ugly, old house—"

"I have seen her," said Sam Steever, hastily, hoping to forestall another outburst. "And I know what you've done for Irma. My brother is inclined to be thoughtless, even a bit selfish at times. He doesn't understand."

"He's cruel," declared Miss Pall, suddenly vehement. "Cruel and wicked. Even if he is your brother, I say he's no fit father for any child. When I came there, her little arms were black and blue from beatings. He used to take a belt—"

"I know. Sometimes, I think John never recovered from the shock of Mrs. Steever's death. That's why I was so pleased when you came, dear lady. I thought you might help the situation."

"I tried," Miss Pall whimpered. "You know I tried. I never raised a hand to that child in two years, though many's the time your brother has told me to punish her. 'Give the little witch a beating,' he used to say. 'That's all she needs—a good thrashing.' And then she'd hide behind my back and whisper to me to protect her. But she wouldn't cry, Mr. Steever. Do you know, I've never seen her cry."

Please turn to page 16





allright

Sweets To The Sweet

Continued from page 14

Sam Steever felt vaguely irritated and a bit bored. He wished the old hen would get on with it. So he smiled and oozed treacle. "But just what is your problem, dear lady?"

"Everything was all right when I came there. We got along just splendidly. I started to teach Irma to read—and was surprised to find that she had already mastered reading. Your brother disclaimed having taught her, but she spent hours curled up on the sofa with a book. 'Just like her,' he used to say. 'Unnatural little witch. Doesn't play with the other children. Little witch.' That's the way he kept talking, Mr. Steever. As if she were some sort of—I don't know what. And she so sweet and quiet and pretty!"

"Is it any wonder she read? I used to be that way myself when I was a girl, because—but never mind."

"Still, it was a shock that day I found her looking through the Encyclopedia Britannica. 'What are you reading, Irma?' I asked. She showed me. It was the article on witchcraft."

"You see what morbid thoughts your brother has inculcated in her poor little head?"

"I did my best. I went out and bought her some toys—she had absolutely nothing, you know; not even a doll. She didn't even know how to *play*! I tried to get her interested in some of the other little girls in the neighborhood, but it was no use. They didn't understand her and she didn't understand them. There were scenes. Children can be cruel, thoughtless. And her father wouldn't let her go to public school. I was to teach her—"

"Then I brought her the modelling clay. She liked that. She would spend hours just making faces with clay. For a child of six Irma displayed real talent."

"We made little dolls together, and I sewed clothes for them. That first year was a happy one, Mr. Steever. Particularly during those months when your brother was away in South America. But this year, when he came back—oh, I can't bear to talk about it!"

"Please," said Sam Steever. "You must understand. John is not a happy man. The loss of his wife, the decline of his import trade, and his drinking—but you know all that."

"All I know is that he hates Irma," snapped Miss Pall suddenly. "He hates her. He wants her to be bad, so he can whip her. 'If you don't discipline the little witch, I shall,' he always says. And then he takes her upstairs and thrashes her with his belt—you must do something, Mr. Steever, or I'll go to the authorities myself."

The crazy old biddy would at that, Sam Steever thought. Remedy—more treacle. "But about Irma," he persisted.

"She's changed, too. Ever since her father returned this year. She won't play with me any more, hardly looks at me. It is as though I failed her, Mr. Steever, in not protecting her from that man. Besides—she thinks she's a witch."

Crazy. Stark, staring crazy. Sam Steever creaked upright in his chair.

"Oh you needn't look at me like that, Mr. Steever. She'll tell you so herself—if you ever visited the house!"

He caught the reproach in her voice and assuaged it with a deprecating nod.

"She told me all right, if her father wants her to be a witch, she'll be a witch. And she won't play with me, or anyone else, because witches don't play. Last Halloween she wanted me to give her a broomstick. Oh, it would be funny, if it weren't so tragic. That child is losing her sanity."

"Just a few weeks ago I thought she'd changed. That's when she asked me to take her to church one Sunday. 'I want to see the baptism,' she said. Imagine that—an eight-year-old interested in baptism! Reading too much, that's what does it."

"Well, we went to church and she was as sweet as can be, wearing her new blue dress, and holding my hand. I was proud of her, Mr. Steever, really proud."

"But after that, she went right back into her shell. Reading around the house, running through the yard at twilight, and talking to herself."

"Perhaps it's because your brother wouldn't bring her a kitten. She was pestering him for a black cat, and he asked why, and she said, 'Because witches always have black cats.' Then he took her upstairs."

"I can't stop him, you know. He beat her again the night the power failed and we couldn't find the candles. He said she'd stolen them. Imagine that—accusing an eight-year-old child of stealing candles!"

"That was the beginning of the end. Then today, when he found his hairbrush missing—"

"You say he beat her with his hairbrush?"

"Yes. She admitted having stolen it. Said she wanted it for her doll."

"But didn't you say she has no dolls?"

"She made one. At least I think she did. I've never seen it—she won't show us anything any more; won't talk to us at table, just impossible to handle her."

"But this doll she made—it's a small one, I know, because at times she carries it tucked under her arm. She talks to it and pets it, but she won't show it to me or to him. He asked her about the hairbrush and she said she took it for the doll."

"Your brother flew into a terrible rage—he'd been drinking in his room again all morning. Oh don't think I don't know it!—and she just smiled and said he could have it now. She went over to her bureau and handed it to him. She hadn't harmed it in the least; his hair was still in it, I noticed."

"But he snatched it up, and then he started to strike her about the shoulders with it, and he twisted her arm and then he—"

Miss Pall huddled in her chair and summoned great racking sobs from her thin chest.

Sam Steever patted her shoulder, fussing about her like an elephant over a [Continued on page 53]



The militiamen came driving hard—just as the Indians had hoped they would.

“KENTUCKY? I Can Get It For You Wholesale”

was just about what Jim Wilkinson was telling prospective buyers when the Bluegrass State was first growing. And most folks believed the fighting con man—because he had already bought the Mississippi River for himself

● How would it hit you if you lived near or on the banks of the Mississippi River and found you had to show a passport every time you tried to cross the river?

Naturally it would throw you, and so you can appreciate how the Kentuckians of James Wilkinson's time felt when that super con-man, certainly one of the most ambitious and colorful characters ever to grace the American scene, threatened to pull off a deal that would result in just

by Dick Taylor

Illustrated by Charles McBarron

such a passport-transport travesty.

The whole thing may seem incredible now, but remember the Kentuckians who were doing the sweating at the time knew Jim Wilkinson and thus had a darn good reason for worrying.

James Wilkinson bounced into American history while still in his teens, fresh from rural Maryland where he had found little outlet for his animal-like energies

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"KENTUCKY? I Can Get It For You Wholesale"

Continued from page 17

and quick mind. He wasn't what Hollywood would call a handsome man. He was short. His sensuous lips were full. Dark, marble-like eyes literally popped out of his head. But his flashy smile and pleasant voice made strangers instinctively trust him and lured many women into all sorts of arrangements.

He joined the American Revolution just before the battles at Saratoga. It's ironic that he fell under the command of Gen. Benedict Arnold, another ambitious American who made his reputation bumping the tide of a free and growing America.

Wilkinson was assigned to a company protecting Arnold's right flank in one of the early clashes at Saratoga. He took one look at the well-armed, highly-disciplined British troops, another at the sadly-trained farmers and frontiersmen on the American side. "This is suicide for nothing," said Wilkinson, as the enemy drew close.

"Stand your ground, boy," ordered a stern-faced lieutenant.

Young Wilkinson, preferring a healthy victory to noble death, didn't care for 10 to one odds in open combat. He coned 15 well-picked ex-hunters into dropping back, concealing them on each side of a narrow road leading to Arnold's headquarters.

The Americans fought well when the British opened fire, but they were too few and were completely disorganized. In a matter of minutes Arnold's entire right flank was blasted loose and forced back in reckless abandon.

As the redcoats poured forward, with nothing to keep them from surrounding Arnold's army, they heard someone bark, "Company A!—Fire! Company B—prepare to CHARGE! Company C—"

Wilkinson raced from tree to bush, firing, screaming commands to his 15-man ambush and filling even his own men with the weird illusion that he commanded an army.

The British, stunned by deadly crossfire, saw a handful of men drop everytime a round of fire screamed from the dense woods. The commands they heard from every point sounded like a well-planned attack. Some panicked and raced back. Others, already past the line of crossfire, ran wildly ahead. Still others stood in frozen fear, not knowing which way to turn.

Americans who had retreated earlier heard the commotion and quickly rallied behind what they thought to be massive reinforcements. They rushed back, cleaning out the British troops who escaped

ahead of the ambush, then ploughed boldly into troops Wilkinson's men had pinned down.

In an hour Arnold's crushed right flank was again secure.

Wilkinson emerged from the woods, smiling his way straight to glory and an immediate field commission.

Arnold, burning with greed for promotion himself, quickly recognized the light of ambition burning in young Wilkinson's eyes. The two made a natural team. When Arnold was transferred to Philadelphia, he took Wilkinson along, as a full colonel.

Once in fashionable Philadelphia, Wilkinson lost interest in the war. His ambitions were now directed into the social field. Donning a uniform as flashy as a colonel could wear, he became known in all circles of wealth and influence as that dashing young officer whom young women found impossible to resist.

Arnold had to pull rank and literally order his high-stepping young assistant to accompany him to West Point when Arnold was sent to take command of the key fortress on the Hudson. Once out of the social circles in Philadelphia, chameleon Wilkinson's ambitions again turned to the facts of war.

There was no action around West Point in early 1780. Possibly to break the monotony and possibly to push some scheme that has never come fully to light, Wilkinson made contact with British officers in the area and arranged a secret meeting. Later he brought a liaison officer from the British high command to meet General Arnold.

History clearly records the results of these meetings. Arnold was promised more pay and more power if he would surrender the American forces at West Point and don a British uniform. Arnold, his vanity wounded because he didn't receive more recognition in the American army, gobbled the bait.

Fortunately for the American cause, General Washington received word of Arnold's plans and rushed a new commander to West Point with orders to place Arnold under arrest. The turncoat general escaped just in time to miss a hangman's rope.

Wilkinson emerged from the mess with his smile intact and his reputation actually reinforced. "I suspected Arnold's treacherous scheme from the beginning," he told an investigating committee. "If I hadn't disobeyed his orders to lead troops to the British side, he might have gotten away with it."

A somewhat confused Congress branded Arnold the country's greatest traitor and promoted Wilkinson to the rank of clothier-general. Back he went to the city he loved so well—Philadelphia.

"The clothier-general's office is firmly under control," the boy wonder wrote General Washington shortly after he took his new post. "You can count on the needs of the army being met as promptly as conditions allow."

Then he gaily set out to [Continued on page 58]

Suddenly someone yelled "Company A—fire!" and the trap was sprung on the British troops.



The Flat

These guys (and gals) get a whack on the backside from

To BOBBY DARIN

● *The bright sayings of Bobby Darin, No. 1:* "I want to be the biggest thing in show business by the time I'm 25 years old."

Bobby is very big these days on the juke boxes, and in booby traps like the Copacabana in New York, and at the gilded sewer known as Las Vegas—very big, but nowhere near as big as the size of his head.

In any other field except show business, his gross exaggeration of his own talent would call for a series of shock treatments and a long, quiet rest in the country until he returned to normal. But in the giddy, gaudy, cheapjack world of popular music, his attitude is normal. One hit record and—*zoom!*—any yammering upstart that comes down the pike is suddenly entitled to regard himself as God's greatest gift to entertainment since the passing of Al Jolson.

As somebody said in another connection, Bobby Darin's range as a performer runs the whole gamut from A to B. Every song he sings, whether it's *Mack the Knife* or *Bill Bailey* or *Artificial Flowers*, sounds exactly like every other song he sings. His style is a marvel of monotony. There is always the same breathless beat, frantically sustained to cover up the lack of musical taste and intelligence. There is always the same cornball snapping of the fingers. (Darin is one of the great finger-snappers of our time.) There is always the same senseless stamping of the foot and the same spastic twitching of the shoulders. (He is unsurpassed in contemporary musical circles as a stamper and twitcher.) As a special touch of daring originality, he invariably adds a jerky in-and-out motion of the neck, like a turkey crossing a barnyard.

And this is the sum total of talent and performance offered to the American public by B. Darin, Esq., who thinks he's slated to be "the biggest thing in show business."

Bright sayings of Darin, No. 2: "I want to be a living legend."

In any time or place, living legends are rare. In our own day, Albert Schweitzer is a living legend. So is Winston Churchill. And that just about ends the list.

But jazzy little Bobby Darin wants to join the group!

If conceit were talent, he would indeed be the greatest performer of the age. Of any age.

Still, some of the stories circulating about him seem almost legendary, at that. They are hard to believe, at any rate, especially when they deal with his behavior off-stage and his treatment of the people around him.

For instance, Paul Anka's father came backstage once to congratulate him on a performance. "I brought my family along to see the show," Mr. Anka said. "My chil-

dren are outside. . ."

"Take your children and stick 'em in your eye," was young Mr. Darin's gracious reply.

Or there was the time when Tommy Sands and Nancy Sinatra arranged an elaborate party in his honor, complete with orchestra, unlimited champagne, and dozens of guests. Everybody waited for hours and hours for the guest of honor, and he never did show. He had fallen into one of his juvenile tantrums and simply ignored the whole thing, leaving his embarrassed host and hostess to hold the bag.

Or the time he frankly revealed his personal philosophy to a shocked friend: "All I have done is go in one direction, and that's to benefit *me*, to get *myself* ahead."

Or the comment on him by a fellow performer: "Lately I've been playing the same clubs he plays. I've never seen anybody so disliked."

A living legend?

If being insolent and ill-mannered will do it, Bobby Darin is well on his way.

Bright saying No. 3: "My character is as strong as anybody who ever walked the face of the earth, because it's not wavering. I don't do anything to detract from my character."

Considering the kind of character it is, anything that detracted from it would be a distinct improvement.

It's true that Darin had an unfortunate boyhood and that nothing in his background or training prepared him to handle his sudden success like a gentleman. Consequently, there is something pitiful about his eternal schoolboy strutting, his big-mouthing, his bullying, and his total lack of style and class. No amount of money in the bank or bookings at the Copacabana can disguise the fact from himself and the world that Bobby Darin is, after all, just a pathetic Dead End type who is having his brief moment in the spotlight before disappearing down the chute to oblivion like a thousand others before him.

He is one of those periodic freaks of the entertainment world which the public, or a part of it, pampers for a passing moment, and then casts aside and forgets as soon as the next one comes along. And whatever happened to Johnny Ray?

The only difference with Bobby Darin is that he can't seem to wait for it to happen to him. He can't wait for the public to grease that chute. He's always asking for it.

Bright saying No. 4: "When you write about me, make it tough. Ruin me."

We try, Bobby. We try. •

Of Our Blade

the flat of CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Nominees are welcome





THE SQUADRON THE WORLD FORGOT

Only four airmen won the Congressional Medal of Honor in WW I. Two of them won it flying for 50th Aero Squadron—the squadron ignored by "glamour" historians. We're proud to tell their story



Goettler and Bleckley swooped so low—searching for the lost battalion—Germans had to shoot down at them.

● The Ace has become the symbol of World War I aviation. Novels have been written about the daring pursuit pilot, and also short stories, plays, articles, poems. But very little has been written about great fighting teams, the individual squadrons which were great because they were teams and not because they

by William E. Barrett

Illustrated by Philip Ronfor

had specific stars in the lineup.

This is a story of one of the great teams, a squadron that is seldom mentioned in WW I literature—50th Squadron, United States Air Service.

The motion picture version of any WW I squadron has always shown a colonel or a major as commanding

Please turn page

THE SQUADRON THE WORLD FORGOT *Continued from preceding page*



A D.H. 4 "flying coffin"—the plane that 50th Aero Squadron flew on missions—lumbers into the air.

officer and the men under him have always been dashing, undisciplined young aces who challenged individual German pilots to combat or who accepted such challenge. The planes have always been Spads, Nieuports, Camels, or S.E. 5s. Fifty Squadron was never like that. Fifty was commanded by a first lieutenant and if any of its flight crews ever encountered a famous German ace, he went unrecognized. Fifty flew to battle in the De Havilland 4, the famous "flying coffin," and its unglamorous job was infantry contact patrol. No member of the squadron appears in the list of aces or has ever been the hero of an article, but Fifty is the only American squadron which had two winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor on its roster. Fifty also performed the most spectacular feat credited to any American squadron of the war. The story of Fifty is the story of the many rather than the few.

The 50th Aero Squadron was organized at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, on August 6, 1917. It was a squadron in name only. The 149 young men assigned to it had come from the recruiting mills, hoping desperately they could "win their wings."

They started, as all rookies start, with infantry drill and garrison duty and kitchen police. After a month, they transferred to Kelly Field No. 2. They were now a school squadron receiving instruction in the mysteries of an internal combustion engine, but still foot soldiers through most of the day. On November 17,

they became a service squadron and got their first close look at actual airplanes.

The weeding-out process went on during all this period. Some men were passed for flight training, some for training as mechanics, riggers, armorers. New men were assigned to the squadron and some of the original members left for other assignments. This process continued during a long series of squadron moves from one training center to another: Garden City, Long Island; Harlaxton Field, England; Winchester, England; St. Maxient, and then Amanty in France where Lt. Daniel P. Morse, Jr. became squadron commander and Fifty became a team.

So many men had flowed in and out of the squadron, to and from various specialist schools for pilots, observers, mechanics, etc., that few of the original members were left. Dreams of Acehood had died along the way, even for those who qualified as pilots. It became apparent that this would be a two-seater squadron, but a new vision of aerial warfare had replaced the old. Lieutenant Morse, the CO, summed up the objective of the team in his first squadron talk.

"Civilians believe that aviation work consists entirely of knocking down enemy planes," he said. "That is a false idea, as we all know. Observation is the work of the airplane. Fighters exist to prevent observation or to protect observation planes, and our work justifies their existence. The pleasing part of

observation work to me is the fact that it is constructive, so far as warfare can be so. Our work is to *save* the lives of our own infantry by spotting the enemies who might destroy them."

Dan Morse was young, slender, intense, enthusiastic and he made enthusiasts out of the men of 50th Squadron, selling them his own conviction that they had the most important flying job of the war. He was one of two members of the squadron who had been over the lines. On April 4, 1918, he had piloted one of the first three American planes to cross the lines on a war mission—American planes of an American squadron.

The squadron as a team was raw, men fresh from schools, with no balance of veterans. The plane assigned to the squadron was the American built D.H. 4 with Liberty engine and it was the second U. S. squadron so equipped.

The insignia adopted by 50th Squadron was the famous *Dutch Girl*, trademark of Old Dutch Cleanser. Its significance was explained as "cleaning up on Germany."

Rumors and scuttlebutt of one type or another ran through the ranks of the nervous, keyed-up amateurs awaiting their baptism of fire. The most ominous rumors concerned the D.H. 4. It was, they were told, a flying coffin, with the gas tank placed between the pilot and observer, ideally located to burn up both of them if enemy shots hit it. In the assembly and shake-down period, the D.Hs. did not win the respect, liking, or confidence of the squadron.

The undercarriage wheels of the American-built planes were lighter than those of the British D.H. and they buckled on landings, many of the Liberty engines were defective, and an American spark plug manufacturer had so cheapened his plugs on a war contract that they were a constant source of trouble. Several members of Fifty were seriously hurt in landing accidents and Lt. C. H. Upton became the first squadron casualty when he was unable to pull his D.H. out after diving on a ground target during gunnery practice.

The American genius for fouling up big objectives behind the lines through bad paperwork provided headaches and problems, too, for a new squadron. The table of organization stated that the squadron should have 18 trucks, four automobiles, and five motorcycles. It received only four trucks, two automobiles, and three motorcycles—and the war was over before the geniuses of Supply got all the forms straightened out and the missing equipment shipped.

On September 2, with most of their frustrations behind them, the men of the squadron moved up to the front at last, to Behonne, near Bar-le-Duc. They were assigned to work with the Fifth Corps, First Army, and they knew that a big offensive was in the making but they knew very little more than that.

On September 11, they learned that their first action was to be the following morning, with the first flight at 5:30 a.m.

It was quiet in the squadron mess that night. The pilots and observers turned in early. But the good night's sleep that they planned was rudely interrupted. At 2 a.m., all hell broke loose without warning. There was a shattering roar and the earth shook as American artillery cut loose with a mighty barrage to open the St. Mihiel drive. There was no sleeping through it. The men of Fifty made coffee, drank it, smoked cigarettes, and waited.

They were in the war at last.

Second Lt. W. D. Frayne, pilot, and Second Lt. H. C. French, observer, drew the first orders—a reconnaissance mission for the 82nd Division. They walked to their ship through wind-driven rain and half the squadron accompanied them. Weather, or no weather, this was an event, *the event* for which they had all been trained.

As that first D.H. vanished into a soupy sky, another moved up to the line with Second Lt. H. E. Goettler at the controls and Second Lt. E. R. Bleckley in the observer's cockpit. This one was spotting for the 90th Division.

Fifty was not roaring away in companionable flights of five planes as the scouts did. It was an infantry contact squadron, sending one plane out at a time to any point where the eyes of the air were needed.

Lieutenants Frayne and French, Harold Goettler and Erwin Bleckley flew low that foggy morning, searching out nests of German resistance in the path of the American infantry advance, spotting them on the map, nailing the position down with coordinate numbers and dropping warning messages to men on the ground. They were under fire as German riflemen and machine gunners tried to bring them down, but no German planes appeared. Both planes were safely home before another call reached the squadron. Second Lts. D. C. Beebe and F. D. Bellows went out.

As each team took off, the men awaiting orders became more eager. No one wanted to be left out of the action on the squadron's first day.

Two long hours ticked by after Beebe and Bellows left before another call came, this one from the 90th Division. Hardin and Cole took off. Second Lts. H. L. Stevens and E. H. Gardiner lighted cigarettes. They were next in line, but resigned to a long wait. Almost immediately a call came from the 82nd. The two men snapped out their cigarettes and slapped each other on the shoulders.

"Let's go!"

They took off fast, convinced that they were lucky in escaping another long wait, but they were the unlucky ones.

The gray sky swallowed them and they never came back. The 82nd Division, which asked for them, did

THE SQUADRON THE WORLD FORGOT

Continued from preceding page

not see them, so they did not reach the job to which they had been assigned. Their bodies were never found, nor their plane. It was a squadron guess that they flew into the path of a shell and disintegrated in the air, but that was only a guess.

Thirteen of the 50th Squadron's crews flew over the lines on missions that day. Twelve returned. The American infantry was sweeping forward to big gains. Fifty felt an active identification with everything that happened on the ground, but the vacant places in the mess hall were sobering.

Beebe flew the first patrol on September 13 with Bellows as observer. It was another misty, cloudy day and the assignment was a tricky one. The German lines had broken badly and in some places the retreat had degenerated into a rout. The advancing American infantry had to know how far the Germans had retreated, if they were still disorganized, or if they were digging in for a stand. Since the Germans would have dug in during the night, if they were going to make a stand, an airplane had to fly low over the uneven terrain in order to spot their concealed positions.

Beebe and Bellows tried a reconnaissance first from 1,000 feet, flying nearly 10 miles behind the last known German position without detecting any sign of troops. Bellows signalled to the pilot that they would have to go lower and Beebe dropped down to 300 feet.

Six miles behind the former front line, they spotted the Germans, crowded in trenches. They were low enough to see the white, upturned faces, the rifles raised for shots at them. Bellows leaned far over, ignoring the fire of the riflemen as Beebe flew along the jagged fortification line, fixing the German position on his map. Suddenly, from the slight elevation of a ridge, machine guns cut loose at them. The concentrated fire pounded into the D.H. and Beebe zoomed. When he was out of range, he looked back. His observer was slumped down in the cockpit with just the top of his helmet showing.

Bellows was dead when the D.H. landed, but he had done his job before he died.

Three men lost in two days did not seem, in the statistical column which counted the doughboy dead, a large figure, but it loomed large to a close-knit family like Fifty, although the squadron was given little time to dwell upon losses. Two new observers from the replacement pool reported before the day was over, Lts. H. A. Darrin and A. A. Dove, replacing Gardiner and Bellows. Dove was a particularly eager type, regretful that he had missed the first two days of action and ready for immediate action. He got his wish.

Lt. T. P. Hardin, known in the squadron as "Temp," took the new man out on an early morning assignment on the 14th. He briefed him on the hazards that had been encountered on previous missions, but he did not mention German planes. Fifty hadn't seen any German planes.

Hardin and Dove were destined for a squadron "first." They saw Germans in the air.

Over the German side of the line, five Fokkers dived on the solitary D.H. Hardin saw them before they opened fire and signalled frantically to his observer. Lead started spraying around him then. He kicked the D.H. around the sky in evasive action. He listened for the comforting sound of his own rear gun returning the fire.

There was no comforting sound. He risked a backward look. Dove seemed to be all right, moving around the cockpit, bobbing up and down but not firing his gun.

Hardin knew that he could not outmaneuver German scouts, but he was confident that the D.H. could outrun them. With bullets of five scouts just barely missing him on all sides, he lined out for home, painfully aware that the D.H. 4 was reputed to catch fire and turn into a flaming coffin when hit.

Dove continued to bob around without firing and the D.H. outran the Fokkers. When they landed, Hardin's temper exploded.

"What in hell were you doing back there?" he said. "Waving at those Huns?"

Dove spread his hands helplessly. "I couldn't figure out that damned strap," he said.

The rear Lewis gun on the D.H. was always strapped down when the plane was on the ground so that it wouldn't swing on the take-off and brain the observer. Dove, excited on his first mission and thinking only of his observing duties, never gave the gun a thought until he needed it—then, with Germans firing at him, he couldn't loosen the strap.

Dove never quite lived that down, although he later became one of the best men in the squadron. Neither he nor Hardin received a scratch, although the percentages said that they should have been killed. The D.H., literally riddled with German bullets, hadn't flamed.

German planes, from that day on, were no longer a rarity. Fifty Squadron anticipated combat on every mission and usually got it, but the D.Hs. absorbed a lot of lead and did not burn. The worst problem of the squadron was the attitude of American infantry men, who had strong prejudice against laying out panels for airmen to read.

"Nuts!" they said. "All those panels do is tell the Germans where we are. There are more Germans in the air than Americans."

American artillery, however, demanded that the airmen keep track of the ever-shifting advance so no American shells would be dropped on American troops. Fifty, where there were no panels displayed, had to fly low enough to recognize the uniforms of infantry.

On September 22 and 23, the squadron moved to Remicourt during continuous, unrelenting rain which reduced the roads to bogs of mud and cut airdrome visibility to an absolute minimum. There was an air of secrecy sur- [Continued on page 54]

Our Suicide Run on the Shoot-Out Sub

The commander of the sub that made naval history tells what those incredible three days of fighting were really like

by Rear Admiral John K. Fyfe as told to John Foster

Illustrated by Bill Johnson

● Before the A-Call buzzer sounded off that night, it had been a lousy patrol. We had been out almost six weeks and all 24 torpedoes were still snug in their nests. *Batfish* rolled in a swell and I braced myself against the cold bulkhead. I had stretched out fully clothed on the bunk, eyes burning from the bridge watch and the task of searching for a target—any target.

And I had been so sure that this patrol, *Batfish's* sixth and probably my last with her, would be the big one.

Such idleness was bad for the men—to be on edge, razor keen for action at any moment—then for there to be only inaction. It was bad, could be deadly. The ice cream was gone, fresh chow was going fast, and the men had seen all six movies so many times they knew them by heart. They had started to mark off the days until the ship would return to Pearl . . . the Navy band on the dock playing *Anchors Aweigh*, the truckload of fresh fruit waiting, and the sacks and sacks of mail. Mail—I thought of my wife Mary Louise, little Anne, and John Jr., who was beginning to cut his first molars. Perhaps one of the letters would have snapshots. . . .

But, with not a single fish expended, what a dismal homecoming!

Though every man aboard yearned for action, none was hungrier for it than I. I wanted it so badly I could taste it—the rusty iron taste of combat. That's why I had got permission to break off from "Joe's Jugheads," as ComSubPac had designated our wolfpack under Commander Joseph F. Enright, and to patrol Babuyan Channel, north of the Philippine island of Luzon, alone.

Please turn page

We surfaced in a pool of oil and wreckage and began to search for possible survivors.





Ninety seconds ticked by with agonizing slowness. Then a huge flower of flame burst over the black sea.

Our Suicide Run on the Shoot-Out Sub

Continued from preceding page

There should be plenty of targets. Only six weeks ago MacArthur had marched into Manila. The Imperial Japanese High Command, I knew, was rushing every available vessel with munitions to its hard-pressed troops on Luzon, then using these ships to evacuate its top brass from the island's northern shore. The channel should be teeming with targets. But where the hell were they? I ground my teeth. . . .

Over my head the A-Call buzzer, an unequivocal, nerve-grating rasp, blared out. I vaulted from the bunk, landed running. It was 2210, 9 February, 1945.

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Our Suicide Run on the Shoot-Out Sub

Continued from page 28

In seconds I was climbing into the conning tower. Fortunately most of the other men stationed in the tiny conn were built along my five-eleven, 150-pound lines.

"Skipper, we just started getting this signal on the APR." The officer of the deck looked at me questioningly in the dim red light. The conn was tense, everyone watching me, awaiting my decision. The APR radar detector was not yet standard equipment on American submarines, and its signals had to be carefully interpreted. I took a good look at the electrical line that periodically shot up like a jagged mountain range on the pale green APR screen.

Definitely not from a U. S. ship. The pattern was all wrong. The Japs had radar, though inferior to the American equipment, and they installed their precious sets only on men-of-war. The signal came from a small unit. It could mean only one thing.

I tried unsuccessfully to hide my excitement: "Jap sub!"

Lunging over, I snapped off the SD and SJ radar units. "Keep these sets off till I give the word," I told the men. "We don't want to hand the Jap the same break we had."

The glaze from weeks of tedium fell from their eyes, and they tried to hide their smiles. I knew what they were thinking: the old man's feeling his oats. Well, I was.

"Let's try a surface approach, Sprink," I told my executive officer, Lt. C. K. Sprinkle, USNR, of Youngstown, Ohio. "I'll go topside. You handle things in the conn."

Now and again, on my order, the radar men switched on their units for a cautious peek. At 2250, just 40 minutes after the signal had first shown up on the radar detector, the SJ operator sang out:

"**R**adar contact! Bearing two-four-zero true; range, eleven thousand yards!"

I called down through the open hatch to the helmsman:

"Battle stations, torpedo!"

The helmsman yanked the general alarm and the insistent gong resounded through the ship. "Battle stations, torpedo!" he shouted into the bull horn. "Battle stations, torpedo!"

The men of *USS Batfish* ran into position, asking each other what was up. We didn't know it yet, but our boredom was over. The next 79 hours would pack more action than all the submarine's previous five war patrols together. *Batfish* was about to make history.

We sent a coded message to the other two wolves in the pack:

BATFISH TO ARCHERFISH AND BLACKFISH. X TARGET COURSE 240 TRUE 10 MILES SOUTH CAMIGUIN ISLAND. COMMENCING APPROACH.

The replies were identical: GOOD SHOOTING.

"Skipper," Sprinkle's voice came over the bridge speaker. "Plot has him on two-three-oh true. Speed twelve. Range eight thousand."

I grinned in the darkness. The Jap was on the surface, coming in from the southwest, heading north on a zigzag course, probably recharging his batteries. We should close him in about 40 minutes. Leaning over the bridge speaker, I gave the command, "All ahead full!"

It was a moonless, starless night. Sea state was two plus,

about four-foot waves. Spray breaking over the bow drenched us on the bridge as we strained our eyes into the night for some sign of the Jap. But we could see nothing, not even the horizon.

Below us the four Fairbanks Morse diesels powered the ship along at 18 knots, white water swishing along her sides and stretching straight out, a dirty bridal train, aft. Saturation signals on the APR kept increasing in intensity as we closed the Jap. In the conn, dials turned on the torpedo data computer as radar kept feeding fresh information to the TDC operator.

On the bridge I peered through my binoculars and swore. Nothing. Only gloom. Luckily we had a good man below in Sprinkle. Like most Naval Academy graduates (Class of '36), I had originally been unenthusiastic about the Reserves, but my attitude had soon changed. And though this was Sprink's first patrol as exec, he had shown that he knew what he was doing.

The bridge speaker sputtered. "On the firing bearing,



This was taken just before *Batfish's* historic voyage. Fyfe, in overseas cap, is officer leaning against bridge.

skipper!" Sprinkle said. Range was still well over 1,800 yards, rather long for optimum shooting. But resignedly I leaned over the speaker:

"Go ahead, Sprink. You'll have to shoot on radar bearings. I still can't see a damn thing from here."

At 2331 Sprinkle began to fire his one, two, three and four tubes on a 130-degree starboard track. Range 1,850 yards. Torpedoes set for six feet with a two-degree divergent spread. The fish, warheads filled with 540 pounds of torpex each, streaked toward the target. They were the new electric type that left no wake . . .

And they hit no target. Beginning nine minutes later, sonar reported four muffled end-of-run explosions.

"Well, he knows we're here now," I said as Sprinkle stuck his head through the hatch. "But let's try an end-around, get about ten thousand yards to the north of him, then move in and let him have it. This time, Sprink, I want to see him with my own eyes before we let go."

Sprinkle gave a low, tuneless whistle. We both knew that *Batfish* would have to come within about 1,000 yards of the target. At such range we couldn't miss. But neither could the Jap, for two can play at this game. And now he was alerted.

Reading Sprink's thoughts, I said, "We'll just have to clobber him before he clobbers us."

"Aye, skipper."

"Right full rudder! All ahead flank!"

Batfish pulled off 5,000 yards abeam of the Jap, keeping within American radar distance but outside the range of the enemy's weaker equipment. Then, her four diesels churning her through the water at 20 knots, she rushed forward like a fleet tailback making a long end run to get ahead of target before changing course again for a new approach, to come in this time like a bat out of hell.

I pictured the crew in the forward torpedo room—stripped to the waist and dripping sweat as they manhandled the 3,000-pound fish into their tubes. I ordered, "Set torpedo depths at four feet, two feet, two feet and zero feet."

"Aye, skipper," Sprinkle said, repeating the command.

Peering through my binoculars, I could still see no more than if my eyes were shut. Blind, my other senses were all the more acute. The murky night rushed at me, brushing my face like damp cobwebs. Mingled with the low roar of the diesels came the hiss of wind. I could smell the clean, raw smell of the sea and taste rusty iron, the exhilarating taste of blood. I felt great.

Bring on the Japs! I had a good, battle-tested ship under me and a first-class fighting crew. Many of the men had been aboard when I had assumed command 16 May, 1944; we had promptly taken *Batfish* into the Japanese home islands on her third war patrol. That was one to remember. We had survived an air bombing, barely escaped two torpedoes and had dived in water where the charts showed 400 feet. At 240 we had grounded, and for two hours the happy Jap *kaibokans* had plowed the sea above us, carefully sowing depth charges. *Batfish* had taken 67 of them and survived. And we had sunk five ships . . . Of course,

fighting surface craft was a whole lot different from fighting other subs. But bring 'em on!

Sprinkle's metallic voice coming over the bridge speaker cut into my thoughts: "Skipper, he's on two-four-zero true, speed twelve. Range eight thousand. Distance to track thirty-five hundred."

"Left full rudder!" I ordered. "All ahead flank!"

I grabbed the Torpedo Bearing Transmitter as *Batfish* heeled hard to port. "Sprink," I said, "do you think we can get twenty-one knots out of this bucket?"

"We can try, skip—Aye, sir, we will!"

Batfish leaped forward, her four engines, each with 1,600 horsepower, giving her all they had.

"Skipper, he's crossing our bow! Range four thousand!"

"Come right to three-four-zero!" I ordered.

Range kept decreasing: 3,500, 3,000, 2,000, the illuminated dials in the torpedo data computer constantly turning: 1,800 yards, 1,700, 1,650. I dropped my binoculars. Still nothing to see from the bridge except the phosphorescent water that slid past as *Batfish* barrelled in. I called up to the lookouts: "See anything yet?"

"No, captain."

But at long last the man in the crow's nest yelled: "Target dead ahead—fifteen hundred yards!"

At 0001 that 10 February, 1945, I saw a darker smudge in the darkness. Gradually, almost as though responding to my will, the smudge took shape—into the long narrow silhouette of a Jap I-Class submarine. She was a monster, 350 feet long, almost 40 feet longer than *Batfish*. Automatically her statistics flashed through my brain: speed, 20 on surface—10 submerged; armament, eight 21-inch tubes and a seaplane. A crew of 65.

Well, I thought, the bigger they are . . .

"Range, one thousand, skipper!" Sprinkle said, "Repeat, one thousand."

I took a bridge bearing on the TBT, checked it with the TDC in the conn. We couldn't ask for a better setup.

"Skipper, range is nine hundred yards!"

I pressed the switch on the bridge intercom: "Fire torpedoes."

"Shoot!" the firing key operator in the conn shouted.

"Number One is fired." The voice came over the intercom from the forward torpedo room. Seconds later it was a yell. "Number One did not eject! She's running hot in the tube!"

"Try again by hand!" I said. "Use full ejection pressure!"

Waiting, I swore softly. There was no real danger of the fish exploding in the tube unless someone did something stupid, and we didn't have a stupid man aboard. But it was a very bad time for anything to go wrong. Meanwhile two other torpedoes were loosed at the target.

"Number One fired by hand!"

Seconds later a glorious sun suddenly rose, lighting up the entire sky, and as suddenly set. Number Two had struck the enemy's magazine. The submarine, afterward identified as the I-41, sank so quickly that Torpedo Number Three, passing over the same spot a half-minute later, had nothing to hit. Radar reported [Continued on page 69]



From the slender frame of the 'copter, she has a bird's eye view of earth, but no wings.

A Swing and a Prayer

At times daring Sandy really can cry out, "Look, Ma, no hands!" So it is no wonder that she often blacks out after putting on her 1,000-foot, helicopter aerial act

Photographed for CAVALIER by Ben McCall

● Sandy Wirner and her partner, Larry Ruhl, are the only aerialists who work from a helicopter. The photos on these two pages—shot at an altitude of 1,000 feet during the 1960 Mineola (Long Island) Fair—give at least four reasons why they have no competition in their particular field.

Although Sandy, who is 21, and Larry, seven years older, formerly went up 3,000 feet before going into their act, they now are inhibited by a ruling of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. This order restricts the sky-girl and her partner to operating at no higher than 1,000 feet and over open country. In addition to going far above that level, the daring young lady on the flying trapeze—and it is literally just that—formerly did her one-hand twists and other gyrations over cities. She and Larry began their high-flying, swing and a prayer career from a helicopter in 1956.

But, even with that much air let out of their act, Sandy almost always blacks out after completing a performance. And the reasons for that are obvious: The pair uses no safety device of any kind, so the slightest slip or miscalculation

in timing and distance would be almost certain to prove fatal, for it is a long way down with no net to catch them.

Also, while Sandy gets a bird's eye view of earth as she balances precariously on the ski-like frame of the helicopter, she can never forget that she doesn't have wings—and she won't have unless something goes wrong and she ends up as an angel. Then, too, what few breath-holding viewers safe on the ground realize is that both Sandy and Larry are severely and dangerously buffeted by sudden gusts of wind. Too often both finish the performance aching and smarting from bruises and scratches where they had been flung against the equipment by the wind.

To get some of the pictures shown here, photographer Ben McCall had to climb out of the helicopter cabin and, at a height of 1,000 feet, straddle its frame, as in the shot at far right on the facing page. Long distance pictures were clicked by a camera on the ground with an ultra-wide angle lens which was triggered electronically by McCall from his perch on the helicopter. ●



There she is, w-a-a-y up in the sky. It takes two for this, and you have your choice as to which one has the harder job.

Here, smiling Sandy takes a walk down the ladder into 1,000 feet of space—but have you figured out where the cameraman was at the time? ➤

With nothing, not even a net, between her and the massed cars far below, sky-girl hangs by one hand and watches her partner for next move.





THE TEXAS KILLER WHO COULDN'T DIE

For almost 200 years there was a man named l'Archeveque killing in the Southwest. The last victim was an old Indian who never knew his death would do so much good.



The knife was in his back but it didn't seem to bother him. "When I get it out I'll kill you all," the giant roared.

● The March day was damp and chilly. The towering pines and oaks lining the churning Brazos River in Eastern Texas moaned in the wind. Not far away in the greening uplands, naked savages stalked deer, and the fecund bottom-lands of the river were coming alive with early spring. Birds of every color flitted through the

March 1961

by Lewis Nordyke

Illustrated by Robert F. Mariner

foliage leafing out along the river.

But over it all hung an oppressive, uneasy atmosphere. And among the

men camped in the virgin spot thousands of miles from their homes there was a feel of mutiny.

A ragged boy named Jean l'Archeveque stood on the river bank at the edge of the ragtag and bobtail camp. He was

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THE TEXAS KILLER WHO COULDN'T DIE

Continued from preceding page

tall and lean; his eyes were blue and his skin and long hair were lighter than that of the average Frenchman. Behind him, a few hundred yards in the brush, lay the body of a nephew of the leader of the band. The nephew and two hunting companions had been shot down by three assassins as the first brutal act of a grand plan to do away with the leader and take over.

At the moment the assassins were hiding in the brush ready to kill the leader, if he could be tricked into the ambush. It was the job of Jean l'Archeveque to lure their chief into the deadly trap.

Now the leader, accompanied by a Jesuit priest, strode along the river bank. There was a look of deep worry on his bearded face—his nephew had not returned from the hunting expedition. He had heard gunfire, so why hadn't the men returned with their game? He knew that rebellion simmered in the souls of some of the men.

On seeing Jean l'Archeveque, he inquired about the nephew. When the boy gave him an insolent answer, the leader started towards him.

Backing through the brush, Jean taunted the angry leader into following him. The boy kept moving until he glimpsed the glittering eyes of the assassins crouched behind trees.

When the chief drew even with them, the waiting killers shot him dead and also murdered the priest, bringing the day's toll of the mutiny to five corpses.

The slain leader was René Robert Cavalier, Sieur de LaSalle, the great French explorer, who had founded Louisiana for his king and had been the first to navigate the Mississippi River from its upper waters to its mouth.

Today's history books usually take care of that 1687 murder on the Brazos with a quick paragraph pointing out that LaSalle was killed by his own men. The sleepy little city of Navasota has erected a marker near the confluence of the Navasota River and the Brazos at the spot where this bloody business is reckoned to have taken place.

The names of the plotters and assassins have long been forgotten, and are buried in musty records of the long ago. But not that of the ragged lad l'Archeveque. For almost two centuries that name brought fear to the hearts of men, even stalwarts with enough guts to venture forth on the wild frontier of Texas and New Mexico.

In that region, outlaws and gunmen have come and gone and are remembered mainly because of the movies and television. For most of them the days of dread and glory were few and they left no heirs to carry on with blazing guns.

But not so the l'Archeveques; they were an outlaw breed. Jean had an international career as wild as any boy could dream, but finally fell on soil foreign to him. Generations later, when cowmen like old Col. Charles Goodnight had come to the Texas Panhandle, the last, and meanest, of the l'Archeveque breed was still shooting and looting. He was contemporary with Billy the Kid, but he was more vicious,

deadlier, greedier than Billy.

Jean l'Archeveque had no auspicious start. He was born in Bayonne in the south of France in 1671, a son of Claude and Marie l'Archeveque, ordinary folks. There was little opportunity in France in those days for a peasant lad. But there was an eagerness amounting almost to fever in France. Across the Atlantic lay a new world, and France, like Spain and other Old World nations, wanted her part of it. LaSalle had claimed the watershed of the Mississippi, and he was sailing back to plant a colony at the mouth of the great river.

He signed on a crew for this adventure; historians have claimed it consisted mainly of the scum of France. There were Hiens, a river-front ruffian of Le Harve; Leotat, a surgeon with a criminal career; Duhaut, a one-time convict who had been pardoned; Pierre Meusnier; Santiago Grollet, and 13-year-old Jean l'Archeveque, among others.

The LaSalle colony sailed from Rouen late in 1684—a fleet of four vessels. Hagglng beset it from the start, with LaSalle and Beaujeu, the fleet commander, always at each other's throats. At last Beaujeu could take no more. He turned and headed back home with his part of the would-be colonists aboard his ship.

LaSalle sailed on, with about 100 men, a few women looking for husbands, and some boys like Jean l'Archeveque. When he reached the mouth of the Mississippi he surprised his followers. Instead of stopping he plowed through to the Gulf of Mexico.

It was a shaken group that finally landed on the Texas coast at the head of Lavaca Bay. Not even the erection of Fort Saint Louis on the shore of Garcitas Creek made them feel much better.

The selection of this site instead of the mouth of the Mississippi may have been deliberate and the result of ulterior motives. Fort Saint Louis was within striking distance of the Spanish in northern Mexico. The Spanish had claimed Texas for ages. Their province in New Mexico, sprawling out from squatty old Santa Fe, had been a glorious one. But only recently the bloody uprising of the Pueblo Indians had ousted the proud Spaniards from their strong positions.

Like the Spanish, LaSalle had heard of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. Now he organized expeditions to search for silver and gold. They had no luck; the colony had worse luck. First storms wrecked the ships anchored in the gulf, then disease and Indian raids took their tolls.

It was a desperate LaSalle who left Fort Saint Louis in charge of trusted lieutenants and struck out by land for the nearest French fort—in Illinois.

As the bedraggled party of men and boys followed the winding Brazos, morale was low. Hiens, Duhaut and Leotat were openly disgruntled. Instead of this trek through land they didn't know, they wanted to return to Fort Saint Louis. At least they knew that devil. And this was not the healthy muttering of the common soldier.

These were desperate men. Their final plan was equally desperate—they would kill La Salle and all who were loyal to him. It didn't take much to persuade Jean l'Archeveque to join them.

Then came March 18 and the camp on the Brazos. The hunting expedition gave the conspirators their chance, and, with Jean's adroit performance in leading LaSalle into the ambush, it worked.

With LaSalle's body left in the woods for the buzzards and wolves, Duhaut took command and headed back to Fort Saint Louis—and oblivion. The colony soon died out. Today there is not a trace of it upon the face of the earth.

Except for the foresight of Jean l'Archeveque, the young assassins would also have died at Fort Saint Louis. Even if they could have made it back to France, they would have been tried for their part in the murders. Rather than risk going back to the fort, l'Archeveque, Grollet, and Meusnier deserted the party and disappeared into the woods along the Brazos.

They struck up with Indians and surrendered to them. For two years they lived with the Indians, hunted with them, worked for them in a rank one cut above slavery.

One day in 1689, l'Archeveque heard that runners were carrying messages between the chief and some invading force, which he assumed was a Spanish expedition. With ink he made himself, Jean wrote a dispatch and asked a runner to hand it to the leader of the invaders. In it he said that he and his friends were Christians and wished to be captured by Christians.

It was indeed a Spanish expedition, commanded by Alonzo de Leon, who had been sent to look into rumored French encroachment in Texas. Accordingly, the presence of three Frenchmen in the wilds was a find for de Leon.

He questioned the trio and took them to Mexico. There they stood before the Conde de Galve, who wanted the scoop on how the Frenchmen happened to be in Spanish territory. Dissatisfied with the information he elicited from them, Galve sent them to the Court of Charles II in Madrid in care of Capt. Don Andres Perez.

Under ordinary circumstances the maverick Frenchmen would have found themselves in prison for life, but Spain was preparing to retake its province in New Mexico, and soldiers and settlers were needed. The Frenchmen would fit into the plan. What did it matter if *they* were killed.

Capt. Perez returned the three to Mexico; there they were handed over to Don Diego de Vargas, who was destined to reconquer the lost province of New Mexico. L'Archeveque and Meusnier were in the middle of this campaign as soldiers of Charles II, and Grollet went along as a settler.

Jean distinguished himself as a soldier. When the war was over he became a trader and a landowner in Santa Fe, but continued in the service of the military. In 1697 he married a widow, Antonio Gutierrez. She died in 1701, and in 1719, the year his parents died with never a word from him since he went to Rouen to join LaSalle, Jean married again. This time his bride was the daughter of Mayor Ignacio de Roybalo. The governor, Gen. Antonio Valverde Cosio, was a witness.

Now Jean was a man of affluence and influence; the leadership of Santa Fe respected his opinions. In the summer of 1720, the Spanish decided on a move to befriend

and Christianize Indian tribes along the Arkansas in Colorado and Kansas. Jean was consulted; he thought it a good idea and volunteered to go along.

On a warm August night, the Spaniards and the single Frenchman camped on the prairie shore of the Arkansas. Tall grass, yellowed by the late summer sun was like an endless wheat field.

In the early dawn the Pawnee Indians, accompanied by French soldiers who had penetrated into the west, came yelling out of the tall grass firing wildly at everything they saw. The surprised invaders could do nothing except scurry for their mounts. Frightened by the gunfire, most of the horses broke loose and stampeded.

A volley from a French unit riddled Jean l'Archeveque and he died much as LaSalle had, the victim of French guns.

But there were little boys back in New Mexico. Jean left a son, Miguel, by Antonio, and two illegitimate sons, one by a neighborhood woman and the other by Jean's Indian housegirl; both bastards bore his name and shared in his estate.

Miguel's line died with him, but the name was carried on by the two other boys. For scores of years there were generations of l'Archeveques in New Mexico around Santa Fe and Sapello. They were fighters, traders, farmers. Despite intermarriage with Spanish, Indians and Mexicans, their faces showed the fair complexion of old Jean. They altered their way of life with changing times. They saw the traders ride in, but they never liked gringos, be they Americans or Europeans.

Near the middle of the 19th century there was born in Santa Fe a little l'Archeveque named Sostenes. His father, a grandson six times removed from old Jean, moved his family to Sapello, east of Santa Fe. One day two gringos rode up and called the father to the door of his hut. Little Sostenes was at his heels when he went out. For no known reason, the gringos shot the man down before the frightened eyes of his son.

Moaning neighbors helped with the funeral. Sostenes was sullen when he gazed on the face of his slain father. "When I grow up," he swore, "I'll kill every white man I see."

Sostenes never forgot that vow. He grew into a powerful six-footer who moved like a panther. Like old Jean, he had blue eyes and blond hair and his skin was almost as fair as that of the men he had sworn to kill. Sostenes practiced endlessly with revolvers and knives. As he grew up he rode only the strongest and swiftest horses.

The lad kept his vow. He enjoyed attacking wagon trains of traders. By the time he was fully grown he had killed 23 men, and nearly all of them had been gringos. People in the mountains and valleys around Sapello and all the way down the South Canadian River well into the Texas Panhandle country feared the young, blond giant.

Only one man, old Nicholas Martinez, could control Sostenes. Nicholas, a one-time heartless Comanchero, had married a sister of Sostenes. By the early 1870s, Nicholas was a *pastore*, or sheepman. Taking his family, including the trigger-happy brother-in-law, and his belongings with him, Nicholas herded his sheep down the valley of the Canadian into Texas. He and other *pastores* established a plaza named Borregos at a spot which a little later became Tascosa, Texas, now a ghost [Continued on page 67]

10 BLADES FOR A RIPPING TIME

Guns helped win the West, but it was a knife that practically carved history—the legendary "Arkansas Toothpick" used by the famous Jim Bowie who, according to tall tales, died fighting with it at the Alamo

Photographed by Herb Flatow



Bowie knife with 15¼-inch blade used by plainsmen.

● Jim Bowie didn't invent the Bowie knife—his brother, Rezin Bowie, did. Rezin needed a good hunting knife, so he had an Arkansas blacksmith named James Black forge him a blade about 9¼ inches long and 1½ inches wide. It was this knife that Rezin gave Jim Bowie in 1827.

Not long thereafter, Jim interfered in someone else's duel—in spite of the fact that the combatants had already shaken hands and made friends. Jim was wounded. But he had killed two men and wounded another. This was the first taste of blood for the Bowie blade.

In 1830, Jim Bowie had a Texas blacksmith named Noah Smithwick make him a slightly different version of his brother's knife. This weapon was reportedly extra heavy, extra wide, and sported near the hilt a "Spanish notch" which could be used to catch an opponent's blade and flick it away. Rezin's knife had been made for hunting, but Jim's "toothpick" was designed for one major purpose—knife fighting.

Jim Bowie's fame with a knife spread. He once thwarted an ambush by lopping off the head of one would-be assassin and killing the other two.

The knives shown on these pages are from the collection of Robert Abels, a New York dealer in antique guns and weapons (see "Editor's Turn," page 4). The price tag on a good "used" Bowie knife ranges from \$10 to more than \$100, in case you're interested. The price depends upon how old it is and what type of Bowie you buy.

Not all Bowie knives resemble each other. Many people who'd heard about the knife designed their own, without actually ever seeing one of the originals.

Between 1840 and 1865, it became a popular fad to give Bowies as presents—especially to dignitaries. Thus, some versions of the Bowie knife are quite fancy, and some are engraved. During the Civil War, many Confederate troops were issued a version of the knife. Bayonets were even shaped in the Bowie form. Many of the Bowie type knives of this period were even made in England.

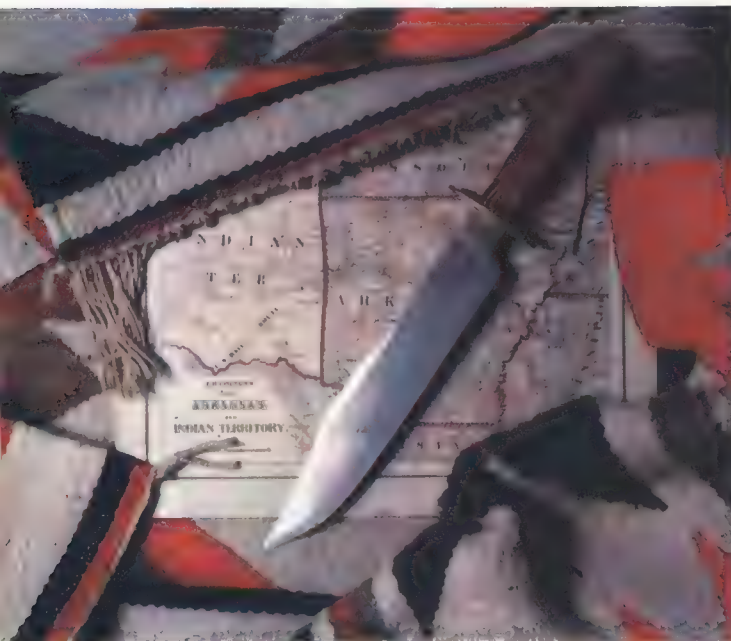
Now, almost all large, single-edged knives with a clipped point are called Bowie knives—most of them would have made old Jim snort. ●



Props courtesy ZMMRC, Inc.

The 10-inch blade below etched: "I'm a real ripper" was probably made in 1850s in Sheffield, England.

Another "Arkansas Toothpick" was decorated with silver horse-head pommel, pearl grips. This 8½-inch was made about 1850.



This typical Bowie was made around 1880 by the J. S. Russell & Co., Green River Works. It features 9½-inch blade.

Bowie with 11½-inch blade showing etched buffalo, dogs is marked: "California Bowie Knife." It was made in England.



Props courtesy of N.Y. Historical Society, Candaver Collection, and ZMMRC, Inc.

Sketch provided by Robert Abels



The famed "Arkansas Toothpick"; in the drawing, Cherokee Chief Tah-Chee wears similar 1850 knife.

Props courtesy ZMMRC, Inc.



This blade has the "Spanish notch" near hilt which could be used to catch your opponent's blade.



Ornamented "Hunter's Companion" in top picture features a silver horse pommel. Confederates used this Bowie, directly above, during the war.

Pelt courtesy Meisel-Peskin, NYC



An early California plainsman knife made around 1845 has an 11½-inch blade with modified point, stag hilt.

There is some \$30,000,000 in Spanish gold and pieces of eight still waiting to be salvaged from armadas wrecked off Florida. And this map and ship list will show where to look for treasure

THE TREASURE WRECKS OF FLORIDA

by John S. Potter, Jr.



Potter also is author of the book *Treasure Hunters' Guide* (Doubleday)

● For over 300 years, the richest flow of treasure in history passed up from Havana through the narrow, reef-bordered sea passage between Florida and the Bahamas. The Spanish named this route the New Bahamas Channel. Through it, between 1500 and 1815, some 12,000 of their galleons, cargo ships, and auxiliaries sailed back to Spain, carrying most of the precious metal production of the New World.

The total value of treasure that passed through the Straits of Florida on these ships comes to about \$8,000,000,000 at today's prices for gold and silver. All but a small fraction of it reached its destination at Seville or Cadiz. The remainder lies under the Atlantic Ocean, and in coral-crust and sand-covered ballast mounds off the Florida Keys and east coast, where entire fleets were dashed to pieces and swamped in howling hurricanes. The Spanish themselves salvaged a surprisingly large percentage of the lost cargoes in operations involving thousands of men. But they were limited by inadequate tools and could not work successfully in water deeper than 60 or 70 feet.

For this reason there remains today an enormous accumulation of Spanish treasure off the Florida shores—some \$30,000,000 of it within diving range of today's SCUBA [self-contained underwater breathing apparatus] equipped treasure searchers. A tiny part of this is being recovered by Art McKee and other divers. Over the coming years, as search methods and salvage gear are improved, golden doubloons and silver pieces of eight will be brought to the surface in steadily increasing amounts.

This lost treasure was carried on ships of Spain's two most famous convoys: the New Spain armada and the Tierra Firme armada. Each made a round trip from and to Spain once every year, stowing aboard the 8 to 30 ships between 3,000 and 10,000 tons of general merchandise, treasure, food and water, passengers and armament. Both fleets took the same route crossing the Atlantic. Westward, the fleets crossed at the latitude of the Canary Islands, taking advantage of the Equatorial

Please turn page

THE TREASURE WRECKS OF FLORIDA

Continued from preceding page

Current and trade winds to push them to the Antilles. Returning laden with riches, they sailed northeast from Havana between Cay Sal and the Florida Keys, threading through the passage and on up to the latitude of Cape Hatteras, then turned eastward past Bermuda and the Azores.

In the Caribbean each armada followed its own route, servicing various areas of Spain's American empire. The New Spain armada unloaded at Veracruz, where its ships took aboard Mexican gold, silver, and semi-precious stones; pearls from the Nueces River and Margarita Island beds; and Oriental gold, precious stones, ivory, silks, and porcelains that had been brought across the Pacific on Manila galleons. The Tierra Firme armada loaded at Cartagena and Panama. Its cargo included silver and gold from Chile, Peru, and Ecuador which had been transported, up the South American west coast; gold, silver, platinum and emeralds from Colombia, and Venezuelan diamonds and pearls.

Both armadas made a stop at Havana before setting out for Spain, usually sailing separately but banding together in time of especial danger from enemy fleets or pirates. The value of treasure carried aboard each was roughly the same, varying from year to year as mines were discovered or depleted and the military and political situation in Europe and the colonies changed. In general, each armada carried between \$15,000,000 and \$30,000,000 in treasure.

Getting this—and the passengers and crews—back safely to Spain was the responsibility of the armada's commanding officer, designated its general. He sailed aboard a war galleon called the *Capitana* which had its place at the head of the convoy. Second in authority was the admiral, on a second war galleon called the *Almiranta* which brought up the tail end. Strung out between these two fighting ships, in a straggling line, were the freighters, or *naos*, built like the galleons but usually smaller and poorly armed. Sometimes a third war galleon sailed with an armada.

The *Capitanas* and *Almirantas* were by far the richest laden, each normally carrying between \$500,000 and \$3,000,000 in gold and silver of the "Royal Fifth"—belonging to the King of Spain. The cargo ships carried some treasure as well, an average 400-ton *nao* having about \$200,000 in precious metal scattered through its casks and bales of general merchandise, and in the captain's cabin.

There are many hundreds of wrecks off Florida—many of them already discovered—which might have some treasure scattered amid the rubble in their ballast mounds. These have not been included on the accompanying map or listed below. Treasure maps and books describe still other "galleons of the Spanish Dons, laden with gold." A classic example is the *Santa Rosa*, featured in every book, magazine, and map, whose coral-encrusted hull containing millions in Aztec loot was supposedly discovered off Key West by a Navy diver some years ago. The *Santa Rosa*, and numerous other ships like her that never sailed beyond

the printed page, have been left out of this list because they don't exist.

Nearly 50 wrecks, in whose ballast piles lie about \$30,000,000 in unsalvaged gold and silver, *are* described below. They were selected because: They do exist and contain treasure in respectable quantity; their locations are either known or can be determined closely enough to make a search with modern electronic instruments reasonably likely to succeed; they should nearly all be within the depth range of a SCUBA diver. In short, they are the best prospects for the treasure diver off Florida.

FLORIDA EAST COAST

The three NAOS (1)—A hurricane in November 1554 drove three *naos* of the New Spain armada, commanded by Angel de Villafañe and Garcia de Escalante, against the coast near present-day Palm Beach, from one description. Later salvage recovered "most of the gold and silver." What remains has been overgrown with coral and could be as costly to salvage as it is worth.

The two PATACHES (2)—Over 200 lives were lost and some ship's money was sent to the bottom in 1572 when a hurricane caused two coastal *pataches* [ship's tenders] to break up on reefs off St. Augustine. The value of coin in the wreckages did not exceed \$10,000.

The five NEW SPAIN NAOS (3)—During the hurricane of September 1641 five *naos* of the decimated New Spain armada were wrecked with great loss of life, probably just north of Miami. About \$2,000,000 in silver went down with these ships. Some of this was reported salvaged later. Silver coins found by skin divers off Hillsboro Inlet during recent years and a coral-crusted anchor raised in 1957 off Pompano Beach might be from these wrecks.

The 1715 COMBINED ARMADAS (4)—Eleven ships of the combined New Spain armada under Gen. Antonio de Echevez and Tierra Firme armada under Gen. Juan Esteban Ubilla sailed from Havana on July 27, 1715, and headed up the New Bahama Channel. Three days later a hurricane from the south caught the Spanish ships in the narrows off Eastern Florida and swept the galleons onto the shoals of Palmar de Ayx off Cape Canaveral. When the seas finally calmed only one ship, the *nao Grifón*, was still afloat.

According to Spanish estimates, 14,000,000 pesos in silver alone were lost with the 10 vessels. The gold and precious stones would bring the value to \$20,000,000. Careful research could pinpoint the locations of nearly all these lost ships.

This much is known of the fate of the ships. The *Capitana* sank some distance from shore, probably near the cape, with the loss of 225 men and about \$3,500,000 in treasure. None was recovered in salvage operations, making this wreck one of the most attractive off the Florida

coast, but it is probably lying in deep water.

The *Almiranta* of the Tierra Firme armada was wrecked "a stone's throw from shore." This wreck was better than 50 per cent salvaged, but nearly \$1,000,000 could still be there.

The *urca* [sloop-rigged craft] *DeLima* grounded and most of the treasure was salvaged.

Two pataches were wrecked off Canaveral. It is not known whether their cargo could be salvaged. Each would normally have carried about \$300,000 in treasure.

The *Concepción Capitana* sank at a depth of 200 feet or more off Canaveral, probably too deep to salvage her so far unrecovered \$3,000,000 treasure.

The New Spain *Almiranta* broke up completely off the cape and settled in "deep water." The \$2,500,000 aboard has eluded salvage efforts.

The *nao La Holandesa* was carried high and dry by waves and dropped on the shore near False Cape. All her crew and cargo were saved.

The *urca La Francesca* disappeared at sea, a total loss.

The *nao San Miguel* vanished with nothing known of

her last moments in the hurricane-lashed sea.

News of the shipwrecked fleet spread quickly and Spanish authorities at Havana and St. Augustine dispatched salvage ships to the scene. From the Tierra Firme *Almiranta*, the *urca DeLima* and *La Holandesa*, 4,000,000 pesos in treasure were brought ashore.

The Spanish were not the only ones interested in recovering the sunken gold and silver. From all over the American East Coast and the Caribbean small boats, overloaded with "gentlemen adventurers" and pirates alike, put out for Florida. The Spanish were unable to cope with the number of raiders.

A gold cargo worth \$100,000 was snapped up from a Spanish patache, and many times this amount was stolen from wrecks. Then the most daring of the pirates, Henry Jennings, arrived with two brigantines and two luggers. He put ashore 600 men—by Spanish reports—and captured the Cape Canaveral base, killing a handful of defenders and making off with 350,000 pesos.

Then in 1718 the "diving contractor" Manuel Miralles reached Canaveral with a small [Continued on page 62]



He's The Barer Of Good Nudes

Some kids want to be first basemen, some to be President. Sepy Dobronyi wanted to grow up to be a playboy, but he lacked the secret ingredient—money. Some of the world's most glamorous dames can testify this didn't stop the Happy Hungarian

by Howard Eisenberg

● If Zsa Zsa Gabor had a brother, he would probably be a lot like Sepy Dobronyi. "Nothing normal," the good-humored Hungarian emigre baron says with a shrug, drawing thoughtfully on his king-sized \$1.50 cigar, "ever happens to me."

That statement may well be the largest understatement since Nero, blithely fiddling the "Emperor Waltz," paused momentarily to sniff and say, "I do believe something is burning."

Among the non-normal events that have enlivened the 38 years of sculptor, pilot, moviemaker, prison-camp escapee, crocodile-hunter, pyramid-sitter Dobronyi are the likes of these: The day he fired a high-powered rifle point-blank at a charging lion, then saw it topple with a spear in its spine; the day during World War II he shot down a Russian fighter with propaganda leaflets.

"I never have to lie," this Lochinvar in Don Quixote's armor says matter-of-factly. "The truth is so fantastic."

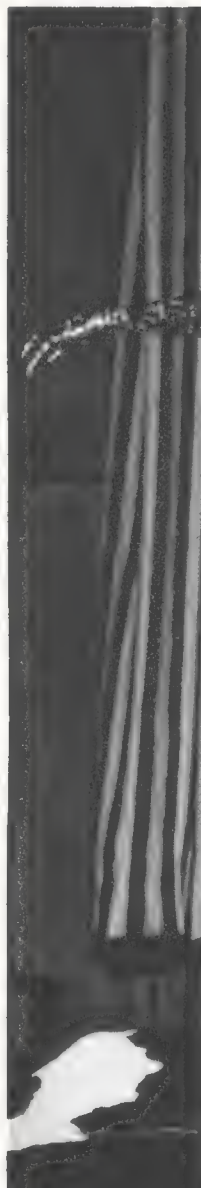
Indeed, even episodes he cannot document—he can document most or most that gentlemen who don't kiss and tell *would* document—are remarkably credible. For, though Sepy is too unbelievable to be real, he is at the same time too real to be unbelievable. Like P. T. Barnum, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Marilyn Monroe, the nonchalant Hungarian seems at times a figment of the world's imagination. Yet, the mathematical probabilities of life decree that periodically there should be someone like him, someone to whom only the wild and the wacky occur. So, why not Sepy?

A reincarnationist meeting this red-blooded blue-blood might suspect that Benvenuto Cellini, the 16th century, gold-working, lady-killing Florentine, had returned in the flesh of this gold-working, lady-killing Danubean. Jeweler-sculptor Cellini would undoubtedly choose the same models: Bardot, Ekberg, Aadland, Mansfield, Ava Gardner among them.

The Hungarians have a word for Sepy. They call the individual who finds success easy at any craft or venture an *ezer-mester*—"master of a thousand things." That Baron Jozsef de Bicskei Dobronyi, to the castle born at Bicske, Hungary, surely is. And, perhaps the most fascinating facet of a life with more facets than a maharajah's diamond collection is this: Sepy is, as one sage of New York acquaintance sees it, "a playboy on a shoestring."

"Let's face it," says the friend, "any guy with ten million bucks can be a playboy. He can be built like King Farouk, look like a walrus, and still woo French models and win Italian actresses. Sepy does it the hard way. In a way, he's the poor man's Aly Khan."

Sepy Dobronyi poses with a few of his gold statues. But his models cause him trouble.



Considering that the late celebrated Mr. Kahn inherited his millions, that any Dobronyi family fortune untouched by war has long since been tapped by the State, and that Sepy earns his goulash and champagne on charm and wits rather than wealth, it would perhaps be more accurate to have called Aly "the rich man's Sepy Dobronyi."

Sepy shrugs. "Shall I cry about the castles we had? What's gone is gone."

What remains is relaxed self-confidence, imagination, and a straightforward frankness that somehow gives his grin a quality of laughing at the world—its humbug and habits, prigs and puritans, vices and

virtues.

This nonchalant, high cheek-boned Jackie Cooper look-alike is of better than average height, six-foot-one, and, like the Tartar ancestors deep in his past, broad-shouldered and, at 180 pounds, reasonably well-muscled. (He is, however, no Tarzan—a fact made abundantly clear when he wore a leopard-skin to a recent Artists and Models ball.) His dark hair is curly, inching imperceptibly back at the temples. His clear eyes are light blue, his gaze steady, the whites un-veined by vodka principally because excessive drinking would, he feels, distract from more interesting entertainment.

Please turn page



He's The Barer Of Good Nudes

Continued from preceding page

Sepy has in this world of instant coffees and soups a more important quality of Instant Friendship. Women and wives are attracted to him. (There are, fortunately, exceptions.) Husbands are either unaware of the lightning playing about them, or else forgive him.

A Hollywood screen-writer long-distanced him in the presence of a visitor, confiding: "Sepy, what shall I do? My wife just left me."

Before giving more serious advice, the Magyar Mike Todd of love smiled, "When she arrives, I'll send her right home."

Iron Curtain separation from hereditary Dobronyi *koronas* and *forints* [pre-World War I Hungarian monetary units] appears to have imposed no untoward hardships on ezer-mester Sepy. He drives a \$12,000 Facel-Vega. He smokes and distributes freely the same Cuban cigars puffed by Sir Winston Churchill. (Sepy's, naturally, are banded "Sepy Special.") Three closets at home bulge with custom suits, shirts, and handmade shoes. One of his 35 pairs sports tasteful Dobronyi-wrought, 18-karat gold buckles valued—without the shoes they adorn—at \$400. Of these Sepy remarks, "When things get bad, I melt them down."

A bachelorette who knows Sepy, not long but intimately, wondered out loud recently about the noble Hungarian who, by his own account, deplaned in Havana in late 1947 with little more than his suitcase and the suit on his back.

"I have no idea," she mused, "where his money comes

from. He is extremely generous. He buys expensive jewelry for you. He gives fantastic parties. His refrigerator is always stocked with steaks. Anything you want to drink or smoke he has. Why, he keeps six brands of cigarettes on hand for his guests! His home is decorated magnificently—antique guns, swords and spears, and lion and leopard-skins everywhere. He never seems to want for money. Yet I've never seen him do a stroke of work. It's almost as if he's got a money-tree growing out back of the house."

The mystery is solved with one simple phrase—again, *ezer-mester*.

The striking jewelry Sepy gives as gifts he makes and designs himself—often of gold melted down from doubloons he found himself while skin-diving among treasure ships on the ocean bottom of Hispaniola. The house he leases in Coconut Grove, Florida, hard by the University of Miami campus, he decorated himself. As for the "fabulous parties," one of the touches they are famous for is the Hungarian goulash Sepy cooks himself.

But even as skilled a do-it-yourselfer as Dobronyi must pay the butcher, the baker, and the landlord in cash. And, though Sepy could probably design and manufacture \$100 bills as handsome as those run off on Uncle Sam's presses, he prudently prefers earning to printing them.

A golden nude of Anita Ekberg earned Sepy—as Master Sculptor—\$12,000. Some of this money came from the sale of reproduction rights to a magazine; part from subsequent exhibition fees; part, finally, from sale of the

Some of Sepy's Models



Anita



Jayne



Brigitte

statuette to the National Museum in Oslo, through a well-known collector.

And an interviewer present when one morning's mail arrived was nonchalantly shown income from other sources. One \$500 check was from Jack Linkletter, who purchased a wrought-iron Diana the Huntress from Sepy after the baron had appeared on his TV show. A second check, for \$1,100, was for Sepy the Master Jeweler—for a platinum and gold diamond-crusted pendant. ("I lose track of this lady for about six month," Sepy recalls. "She see that piece and say she like it but not have money. I say take it. Is not way to do business maybe, but I am not businessman.")

An orthodox businessman Sepy may not be, but an effective one he is. The pendant had been displayed in Havana at the Cuban Art Center, an institution Sepy had set up shortly after his arrival in his new land. In effect a modern "native bazaar," it successfully centralized the display of the art and sculpture of 187 Cuban artists—including that of its director-general, Sepy—and put shirts on artists' backs and bankbooks in their pockets for the first time in the island's history.

Check No. 3 was from Burton Browne, a Chicago advertising man and Gaslight Club "chain" founder, for Sepy, Master Chandelier Designer. ("Papa Browne and I," says Sepy, "are in Paris when he remember he need seven by seven-foot crystal chandelier for his club in Chicago. He ask if I can do it. I say, 'Sure, I'm expert—I never do before.'")

Adds Papa Browne, a strapping, silver-haired, amiable gentleman of considerable *joie-de-vivre*: "I suggested Sepy send me a bill for whatever he thought proper. It came six months later—in lower-case letters, because his typewriter was out of kilter—for \$500. It's a magnificent chandelier—I thought the price more than fair." He paused. "Sepy never works for money, or tries to make it. That's why he makes it."

A cynical acquaintance, testing this hypothesis, asked Sepy recently how much money a year he needed to get by and still be happy. Sepy hesitated only briefly. "Well," he said, "in Cuba maybe I need not so much as here. But there to be happy I needed \$24,000 a year."

"Well," pressed the friend, "are you happy?"

Sepy grinned. "Oh," he said, "I am more than happy!"

But don't get the idea that Sepy *always* sheds happiness as he strolls through life.

There is, and probably always will be, spirited controversy among the models of some of Sepy's gold statuettes. Miss Gardner, for example, disclaims any memory of ever having sat for Sepy. The baron, always the gentleman, has never disputed her claim publicly. Privately he explains that sometimes a model may be unaware that she is under the influence of the muse, when, simultaneously, she is under the influence of noncarbonated beverages.

The statuesque Miss Ekberg, too, denies sitting for a statuette. Her case is somewhat weakened, however, by the several dozen undeniably Ekberg photo studies in Master Photographer Dobronyi's possession, photographs which reveal far more than Hollywood ever dared. They would, in fact, make a striking series of advertisements for a negligee firm—with the addition of a negligee.

Of course, it is a far far simpler thing to *think* about getting an Ekberg or a lady of the British court to bare



Gloria De Haven and husband "Freddy" Fincher of Miami are frequent guests at Sepy's home. Here Gloria approvingly samples his talented cookery.

her charms for posterity than to actually persuade her. Sometimes Sepy's models are arranged for through the good offices of a friend—as when Errol Flynn set up the Beverly Aadland statuette. Generally though, Sepy handles such details himself—as with La Bardot.

That most exotic of French towel racks was captured in 24-karat gold by the roguish Rodin only because he besieged her with the resolution of Charlemagne at Pamplona. Sepy fired the opening guns of his campaign by mail.

"I go after her for a year," Sepy recalls, "writing back and forth, but getting not anywhere. I decide best approach is direct approach, and I go to Paris. I speak to photographers and this and that to try track her down, but she move around too fast. Then I find something interesting and get lost three days and lose track altogether. I try Riviera next with no luck either until accidentally I meet old friend, Georges Ulmere, at gasoline station. I ask where he is living and he tells me next door to Bardot.

"A few days after, I see her in little restaurant with a little group and very happy. I walk straight to her. 'I want make statue of you,' I say. 'In gold. I chasing you all over Europe.'

"'Oh,' she says, 'you are the man I hear about. But no. I have no time to pose. I am too busy.'

In matters of art, as in matters of the heart, rarely does Sepy take no for an answer. "No posing," he smiled, "all I need is to be around—to inhale you."

"Ah," said the French Cleopatra, "sit with us and have some wine."

Sepy's campaign continued now in a strategic withdrawal phase. "I use my usual technique," Sepy explains, "I pay her no attention. I make friends with the men at table. I ignore her, and pretty soon we are great friends.

"There is not too far from there an island somebody owns. We go there on

[Continued on page 80]

Complete In This Issue CAVALIER'S Double Jackpot Contest

**\$50,000
IN CASH
PRIZES**

**\$2,000
CASH BONUS
FOR ELIGIBLE
WINNERS**



● Here it is—CAVALIER'S Double Jackpot Contest, complete in this issue. You can buy what you like, you can build your own nest egg with the big \$50,000 in cash prizes.

Look at the completed sample puzzle on page 52. Then turn to the two puzzles on pages 50 and 51. All you need is your wits and a sharp pencil. We've put in many of the letters already, to help you. Solve the puzzles as you would any ordinary crossword puzzle. Sometimes more than one word will fit the definition. That's where the skill comes in. Transfer your solutions to the official entry blank on page 51. Remember, you may submit only one entry, and it must be pasted on the back of a postcard.

If you solve both puzzles correctly, you may win the \$30,000 Jackpot. If you get either one of them right, you may win \$20,000. Subscribers who are winners in either category will be given a cash bonus of \$2,000. If you subscribe now—details are on page 50—you will also be eligible for a bonus. Your subscription must be sent in separately. The \$50,000 in prizes are open to all, whether subscribers or not.

Be sure to read the rules carefully. They mean exactly what they say. No tricks—just fun and a chance at big money.

PRIZES

1st PRIZE \$30,000

One prize of \$30,000 will be awarded to the entrant who submits a perfect solution to both Jackpot Puzzles. If more than one correct answer for both puzzles is received, \$30,000 will be divided equally among those contestants who have both puzzles correct.

2nd PRIZE \$20,000

One prize of \$20,000 will be awarded to the entrant who submits a perfect solution for one of the Jackpot Puzzles. If more than one correct answer for one puzzle is received, the \$20,000 Jackpot will be divided among those contestants who have only one puzzle correct.

BONUS PRIZE \$2,000

Any winner in either the 1st or 2nd prize categories will be given a bonus award of \$2,000 if he is a subscriber to Cavalier.

RULES

1. To be eligible for a prize you must complete two Jackpot Contest Puzzles, one appearing in the February, 1961, issue of this magazine and reprinted in this issue, the second appearing in the March, 1961, issue. The official entry blank appears in this issue on page 51 and contains reproductions of both puzzles. Entrants may submit a same-size, hand-drawn facsimile of the official entry blank.

CONTESTANTS ARE PERMITTED TO SUBMIT ONLY ONE ENTRY, AND SUBMISSION OF MULTIPLE ENTRIES DISQUALIFIES THE CONTESTANT. You do not have to buy Cavalier to compete. Entry blanks must be pasted or glued on a post card for ease in checking. Entries submitted inside an envelope are ineligible and will not be inspected.

2. Entrants who win a prize, either in the \$30,000 Jackpot or the \$20,000 Jackpot, will get a \$2,000 cash bonus if they are subscribers to Cavalier. All present subscribers who enter the contest will be eligible for the \$2,000 cash bonus as will new subscribers who send in a subscription under separate cover when they send their contest entry. Full instructions for sending new subscriptions appear on page 50.

3. All winners will be notified by mail and their names printed in Cavalier. The June issue of Cavalier will publish the solutions of both Jackpot Puzzles, with explanations for each word chosen.

4. Entries must be mailed to CAVALIER JACKPOT, POST OFFICE BOX 1035, GREENWICH, CONN. (See Rule 1.) To be eligible entries must be received, via mail, by 12 Noon, Monday, March 6, 1961, and be post marked prior to March 1, 1961. The publishers of Cavalier assume no responsibility for late entries or entries lost in the mail.

5. There is only one correct answer to a Cavalier Jackpot, and it is being held in custody. ONLY a perfect solution can win. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications, and none will be returned. Correspondence will not be entered into with contestants

concerning this contest, or with agents for contestants, and the contest will not be discussed with contestants by telephone. Prior to becoming entitled to and receiving a prize, each contestant agrees, if required, to truthfully sign an affidavit certifying: That the answers submitted are his own and have not been obtained from so-called "puzzle lists" or any source whatsoever outside of the contestant's own family or personal friends.

6. The contest is open to any resident of continental North America, or the 50 states, except employees or the members of their immediate families of (1) Fawcett Publications, Inc. (2) its wholesale distributors.

7. By signing the entry blank each contestant, in consideration of the enjoyment furnished him by the puzzles supplied for his amusement and as a test of skill, and in anticipation of the valuable prizes for which he is eligible, voluntarily and irrevocably agrees as follows:

a. That he will accept as final and correct the solution held in custody until contest closes.

b. That, by signing the entry blank, the contract between the contestant and Fawcett Publications, Inc., shall be deemed entered into within the State of New York, regardless of where and to whom the contestant's entry blank may be mailed.

c. That any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York.

d. That the contestant waives any or all right that he may have, or deems he may have, as a result of entering this contest, to make any claims of any kind against any person, firm or corporation which or who sells or offers for sale copies of CAVALIER. Such contestant also waives any and all rights that he might have to attach funds or property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., situated or located elsewhere than in the states of New York and/or Conn.

CLUES DOWN:

1. May look a lot better, if polished up.
2. After you've left it behind can be most embarrassing.
3. When a person's seen having an.....too many, it could bring about serious consequences.
4. Asks to attend.
5. Initials of Elizabeth Regina.
6. You might fish from such a floating platform.
7. A rookie who stated that he couldn't.....boots would get no sympathy.
11. With improper care, woodworking tools will.....in dampness.
12. What a stallion might be.
13. Organ of hearing.
15. Men's National.....Golf Tournament.
18. One of the bones that enclose a man's chest cavity.
20. Men will hardly respect an officer with an.....nature.
21. There are records available of many a famous old one.
22. Meadow.
23. Distance will govern whether it's possible tosomething or not.
26. Is likely to have a title that immediately arouses your interest.
28. In the garden, a little....., in particular, might sometimes need to be removed.
29. As regards money, a man might not worry about losing a.....on a horse at the races.

JACKPOT PUZZLE No. 1



CLUES ACROSS:

2. An outstanding magazine for men.
8. Greek letter.
9. Initials of the "National Recovery Act."
10. During an argument, even if he's....., a man needs to control his emotions.
12. In a good family home, may be given rightful respect.
14.and behold.
16. You might easily see a complete one that you like very much.
17. May sometimes bring forth a burst of applause from the crowd.
19. If he's anxious to be a faithful servant, he will normally be interested in how you.....him.
22. The plural of "the" in French.
23. Often, acan do nothing but earn your contempt.
24. In designing a big store, you would expect an architect to specify a.....entrance.
25. If unexpectedly changed, can cause a lot of inconvenience to business in general.
27. In past ten years, many comfortable families living in.....have been drastically upset.
30. The sort of life an explorer.....wouldn't appeal to most men.
31. A group of facts.

SEE SAMPLE PUZZLE ON PAGE 52

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO CAVALIER

Winners will receive a cash bonus of \$2,000 if they are subscribers to CAVALIER. If you are not already a subscriber, you may subscribe now and be eligible for the \$2,000 bonus. Mail your order separately to . . .

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\$4 in Canada
- ☐ Two years at \$5 in U.S. and possessions.
\$7 in Canada

Name

Address

City State.....

Enclose check or money order

JACKPOT PUZZLE No. 2



CLUES DOWN:

- To check a moving object.
- When new, a clean one is, naturally, to be preferred.
- With.....of calls completed for that day, salesman is liable to feel quite satisfied with himself.
- In comparison, it may be brief yet significant.
- There may come a time when it's too dirty and tattooed to use any more.
- Not well.
- Abbreviation for "postscript."
- Plus.
- It's not uncommon to find a.....painting to be of some value.
- It expresses a condition or supposition.
- May well give a soldier cause to grouse when on a march.
- Exists.

- New.
- One kind of.....may appeal only to a minority.
- What every country has to have, as we must all accept.
- Distress signal.
- Watching one may be especially thrilling for children.
- In the way or manner indicated.
- Light brown.

CLUES ACROSS:

- Keep informed, read "....." magazine.
- It's unlikely that a man who does so will want your sympathy.
- While floating timber, there could be trouble if lumberman gets.....jammed.
- Because his attention is taken by a particular....., warden may fall into a trap.
- There are people who remain loyal to it all their lives.
- Nickname for "Alfred."
- Boss may advise a man that he needs to control his.....temperament.
- It would be just like a boy to eat peanuts and drop the shells into his.....
- A costly fur.
- There's more than one.....that may be considered dangerous for children.
- Father.
- It's likely difficult for a top performer to refuse to.....in a popular TV series that suits his talent.
- There's no reason why a man shouldn't enjoy an occasional.....during his leisure time.
- A friendly neighbor might help out when you need it.
- Might look quite nice if you decided to paint it green.

This is your official entry blank. Cut it out, paste it on a postcard. Be sure to read all the rules first.

JACKPOT PUZZLE NO. 1

JACKPOT PUZZLE NO. 2

Name

Address

PLEASE PRINT

IF YOU ARE A SUBSCRIBER CHECK HERE ☐

SAMPLE PUZZLE AND CORRECT SOLUTION

Inspect this solved puzzle for valuable clues in completing Cavalier's Jackpot Contest

SAMPLE



CLUES ACROSS:

5. A man may just be bored if his wife constantly seeks to.....him.
7. A monkey on one could look rather comical.
8. Small bird.
10. Very rare stamps are often.....by a philatelist.
13. It's good for cab drivers to have nice friendly ones.
15. Two of a kind.
16. Jewel.
18. Help.
20. In hospital, a doctor suggesting this could well do so to make a patient feel a little better physically.
21. The fact that a new one is different from the old hardly matters.
23. It's up to the owner of an apartment house to see that it's well.....
24. A sand hill.
25. There are blue ones, of course.

CLUES DOWN:

1. Could be followed by suspicious policeman on his beat.
2. You can do so with a knife.
3. A few news items can definitely be expected to.....people talking.
4. It lives in water.
6. Paying a large sum for one could be quite a gamble.
7. It can be hard to wait for food to.....when you're really ravenous.
9. Generally speaking, few men ever.....as much as they would like.
11. Where her acceptance of a coveted award is concerned, an actress would naturally be.....
12. Change direction.
14. Though old, may be worth hearing.
16. Evidence of.....is likely to put the police on their mettle.
17. Necessary or vital.
19. Female animal.
22. Shut out in the rain, a.....dog may look very forlorn.

AN EXPLANATION OF MORE DIFFICULT CLUES

CLUES DOWN:

1. MAN not van. While he "could follow" a MAN without any aid, "a policeman on his beat could" not "follow" a van, unless he had transport and this we can't be sure of. Fan is weak.
3. GET not set. "GET people talking" implies intention that they should "talk" and this is the objective of only "a few news items." There are many "news items" that will set "people talking."
6. SITE not sire. The SITE "could be quite a gamble," though there is no particular reason why it should be. Where size is concerned, there is always a definite element of chance, since the horse may die. Side and size are too vague.
7. COOK not cool. If "really ravenous, you can hardly wait for" it "to" COOK, of course; but "you" don't simply "wait for it to" cool—if necessary you take steps to cool it down to a suitable temperature for eating.
9. HAVE not save. HAVE is best, since saving is not an end in itself and possession is the main idea in any case. GAVE is poor grammatically. Pave, rave and wave are poor.
11. GRACEFUL not grateful. The clue stresses "her acceptance of a coveted award," but her gratitude would not be confined to "her acceptance" of it. She is grateful for it and GRACEFUL in "her acceptance of" it.
14. RIDDLE not fiddle. The clue implies that age counts against this, favoring RIDDLE. The best fiddles are "old" ones.
16. GUILT not guile. GUILT is most apt, since many honest citizens could be credited with a certain amount of guile. Guild is remote.
22. WET not pet. "In the rain" points to WET. The fact that the "dog" is a pet has no bearing on the matter.

CLUES ACROSS:

5. AMUSE not abuse. Merely "seeks to" implies inability to do so, favoring AMUSE. She can quite certainly abuse "him."
7. CHAIR not chain. "On" a CHAIR, possibly in imitation of humans, "a monkey could" certainly "look rather comical." There is nothing "comical" about being "on" a chain, however, and, consequently, the words, "on one," are pointless where chain is concerned.
10. BOUGHT not sought. The clue says "a philatelist," that is, any one particular "philatelist." "Very rare stamps are" always sought by "a philatelist," surely, but "often" BOUGHT, as he would not be interested in all "very rare stamps."
13. FACES not fares. The implication that "it is good for a cab driver," if a fare is "friendly" seems a little odd. Furthermore, regardless of how "friendly" he is, it certainly isn't "good," if the fare is overly intoxicated, for example, or perhaps doesn't have the money to pay at the end of the ride. Fakes, fates and fazes are not good.
20. DOZE not dope or dose. "Drug" would be better than dope (a word normally used in a slang sense for the use implied) as something that "a doctor" would "suggest" and again, "dose of medicine" would be better than just dose. Also, both the foregoing could have a powerful effect, while a DOZE could merely make the "patient feel a little better." Dole, dome and dove are poor.
21. SPADE not shade. SPADE is more apt. Since you may well have chosen the new shade intentionally because of its "difference from the old one," it seems pointless to say that the "difference hardly matters."
23. LET not lit. "The owner" may be responsible for "seeing that" there are facilities for good lighting, but hardly for "seeing that" the place "is" actually "well" lit. It's definitely his concern "to see that the apartment house is well" LET, however.
25. DYES not eyes. "Blue" DYES, certainly. Strictly speaking, however, there are no "blue" eyes, but only "blue" irises of the eyes. Lyes and ryas are remote.



SWEETS TO THE SWEET

Continued from page 16

wounded canary.

"That's all, Mr. Steever. I came right to you. I'm not even going back to that house to get my things. I can't stand any more—the way he beat her—and the way she didn't cry, just giggled and giggled and giggled—sometimes I think she is a witch—that he made her into a witch—"

Sam Steever picked up the phone. The ringing had broken the relief of silence after Miss Pall's hasty departure.

"Hello—that you, Sam?"

He recognized his brother's voice, somewhat the worse for drink.

"Yes, John."

"I suppose the old bat came running straight to you to shoot her mouth off."

"If you mean Miss Pall, I've seen her, yes."

"Pay no attention. I can explain everything."

"Do you want me to stop in? I haven't paid you a visit in months."

"Well—not right now. Got an appointment with the doctor this evening."

"Something wrong?"

"Pain in my arm. Rheumatism or something. Getting a little diathermy. But I'll call you tomorrow and we'll straighten this whole mess out."

"Right."

But John Steever did not call the next day. Along about supper time, Sam called him.

Surprisingly enough, Irma answered the phone. Her thin, squeaky, little voice sounded faintly in Sam's ears.

"Daddy's upstairs sleeping. He's been sick."

"Well don't disturb him. What is it—his arm?"

"His back, now. He has to go to the doctor again in a little while."

"Tell him I'll call tomorrow, then. Uh—everything all right, Irma? I mean, don't you miss Miss Pall?"

"No. I'm glad she went away. She's stupid."

"Oh. Yes. I see. But you phone me if you want anything. And I hope your Daddy's better."

"Yes. So do I," said Irma, and then she began to giggle, and then she hung up.

There was no giggling the following afternoon when John Steever called Sam at the office. His voice was sober—with the sharp sobriety of pain.

"Sam—for God's sake, get over here. Something's happening to me!"

"What's the trouble?"

"The pain—it's killing me! I've got to see you, quickly."

"There's a client in the office, but I'll get rid of him. Say, wait a minute. Why don't you call the doctor?"

"That quack can't help me. He gave me diathermy for my arm and yesterday

he did the same thing for my back."

"Didn't it help?"

"The pain went away, yes. But it's back now. I feel—like I was being crushed. Squeezed, here in the chest. I can't breathe."

"Sounds like pleurisy. Why don't you call him?"

"It isn't pleurisy. He examined me. Said I was sound as a dollar. No, there's nothing organically wrong. And I couldn't tell him the real cause."

"Real cause?"

"Yes. The pins. The pin that little fiend is sticking into the doll she made. Into the arm, the back. And now heaven only knows how she's causing this."

"John, you mustn't—"

"Oh what's the use of talking? I can't move off the bed here. She has me now. I can't go down and stop her, get hold of the doll. And nobody else would believe it. But it's the doll all right, the one she made with the candle-wax and the hair from my brush. Oh—it hurts to talk—that cursed little witch! Hurry, Sam. Promise me you'll do something—anything—get that doll from her—get that doll—"

Half an hour later, at 4:30, Sam Steever entered his brother's house.

Irma opened the door.

It gave Sam a shock to see her standing there, smiling and unperturbed, pale blonde hair brushed immaculately back from the rosy oval of her face. She looked just like a little doll. A little doll—

"Hello, Uncle Sam."

"Hello, Irma. Your Daddy called me, did he tell you? He said he wasn't feeling well—"

"I know. But he's all right now. He's sleeping."

Something happened to Sam Steever; a drop of ice-water trickled down his spine.

"Sleeping?" he croaked. "Upstairs?"

Before she opened her mouth to answer he was bounding up the steps to the second floor, striding down the hall to John's bedroom.

John lay on the bed. He was asleep, and only asleep. Sam Steever noted the regular rise and fall of his chest as he breathed. His face was calm, relaxed.

Then the drop of ice-water evaporated, and Sam could afford to smile and murmur "Nonsense" under his breath as he turned away.

As he went downstairs he hastily improvised plans. A six-month vacation for his brother; avoid calling it a "cure." An orphanage for Irma; give her a chance to get away from this morbid, old house, all those books. . . .

He paused halfway down the stairs. Peering over the banister thru the twilight he saw Irma on the sofa, cuddled up like a little white ball. She was talking to something she cradled in her arms, rocking it to and fro.

Then there was a doll, after all.

Sam Steever tiptoed very quietly down the stairs and walked over to Irma.

"Hello," he said.

She jumped. Both arms rose to cover completely whatever it was she had been fondling. She squeezed it tightly.

Sam Steever thought of a doll being squeezed across the chest—

Irma stared up at him, her face a mask of innocence. In the half-light her face did resemble a mask. The mask of a little girl, covering—what?

"Daddy's better now, isn't he?" lisped Irma.

"Yes, much better."

"I knew he would be."

"But I'm afraid he's going to have to go away for a rest. A long rest."

A smile filtered through the mask. "Good," said Irma.

"Of course," Sam went on, "you couldn't stay here all alone. I was wondering—maybe we could send you off to school, or to some kind of a home—"

Irma giggled. "Oh, you needn't worry about me," she said. She shifted about on the sofa as Sam sat down, then sprang up quickly as he came close to her.

Her arms shifted with the movement, and Sam Steever saw a pair of tiny legs dangling down below her elbow. There were trousers on the legs, and little bits of leather for shoes.

"What's that you have, Irma?" he asked. "Is it a doll?" Slowly, he extended his pudgy hand.

She pulled back.

"You can't see it," she said.

"But I want to. Miss Pall said you made such lovely ones."

"Miss Pall is stupid. So are you. Go away."

"Please, Irma. Let me see it."

But even as he spoke, Sam Steever was staring at the top of the doll, momentarily revealed when she backed away. It was a head all right, with wisps of hair over a white face. Dusk dimmed the features, but Sam recognized the eyes, the nose, the chin—

"Give me that doll, Irma!" he snapped.

"I know what it is. I know *who* it is—"

For an instant, the mask slipped from Irma's face, and Sam Steever stared into naked fear.

She knew. She knew he knew.

Then, just as quickly, the mask was replaced.

Irma was only a sweet, spoiled, stubborn little girl as she shook her head with impish mischief in her eyes.

"Oh Uncle Sam," she giggled. "You're so silly! Why, this isn't a *real* doll."

"What is it, then?" he muttered.

Irma giggled once more, raising the figure as she spoke. "Why, it's only—candy!" Irma said.

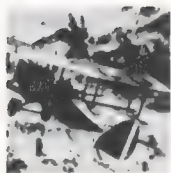
"Candy?"

Irma nodded. Then, very swiftly, she slipped the tiny head of the image into her mouth.

And bit it off.

There was a single piercing scream from upstairs.

As Sam Steever turned and ran up the steps, little Irma, still gravely munching, skipped out the door into the night. •



THE SQUADRON THE WORLD FORGOT

Continued from page 26

rounding the move, a massing of men behind the lines, tension in the atmosphere—certain indications that a new drive was in the making.

Wrapped in this big package of hush-hush was an implied compliment to Fifty's prowess. The squadron had made its old Dutch insignia so well known to the Germans that its pilots were forbidden to fly familiarization patrols over the new front in planes with squadron markings. The first such flights were made in borrowed French planes and thereafter in D.H.s. with the Statue of Liberty painted over the Dutch Girl. Headquarters did not want the Germans to discover that Fifty was on a new front and draw conclusions from the fact.

On September 26, 1918, the big U. S. drive on the Argonne front was launched. The American army drove the Germans back over seven miles of territory in terrific fighting that first day. Fifty's De Havillands, wearing the Dutch Girl once more, flew above the confusion of the battle while straining observers sought to keep a record of the advance. Fifty Squadron flew 18 missions, attacked constantly by Fokkers and flying low enough most of the time to be exposed to fire from the ground.

Anderson and Brown fought the biggest odds of the day in escaping from seven Fokkers, but Beebe and Micky Lockwood had the most hair-raising adventure. Caught low by a flight of six Fokkers which took turns diving at them in pairs, Beebe and Lockwood had no chance of getting home. They concentrated all their efforts on crossing to their own side of the lines, with Lockwood returning the German fire from the rear cockpit and Beebe piloting with half his control wires shot away. The D.H. made a lurching landing on the French drome at Duacourt and the two men climbed out of the ship unhurt. The ship itself was described by the French as a "sieve," but it hadn't flamed.

On the second day of the battle, Fifty flew again without casualties, but on September 28, Micky Lockwood was shot down once more. He was flying with a different pilot, Lt. Forrest McCook, and the problem was to locate the position of a Negro regiment of 77th Division which had advanced so rapidly it lost contact with the main body of troops.

McCook and Lockwood flew back and forth across a shell-ploughed section of No-Man's-Land where forest areas offered concealment for ground troops. Repeated signals failed to bring response from the ground and no display of panels. Flying low, they spotted some troops and the heavy fire to which they were subjected identified these troops as German.

Hit many times, they climbed and resumed their search for Americans

further west. Dropping down again, they ran into heavier fire than the first time. The D.H. couldn't take it. With his controls gone slack, McCook crash-landed in No-Man's-Land and the two men, badly jarred, made their escape from the plane. They had no idea where their own men were, but stumbled into some French troops. A French soldier guided them to a stretch of woodland in which the Negro troops had established their advanced position, a stretch over which McCook and Lockwood had flown a dozen times.

McCook demanded to know why the troops had not displayed their panels. Blank looks answered him. Nobody knew what he meant by panels, so he explained. Faces brightened then. "Oh them! We didn't know what they were for."

None of these infantrymen had ever had any instruction in laying out panels, and none of them had had any idea of what the airplane had been doing over the front. They had watched it, they said, but it didn't seem to be doing anything, just flying.

Micky Lockwood, the observer, at considerable danger to himself, succeeded in making his way back to the French troops. Over a field telephone, he reported to HQ the information that he had been unable to obtain from the air. "We know where these guys are now," he said, "but we had to come down and join them to find out. Why doesn't somebody tell them about us?"

As the result of this incident, closer cooperation was established between the French airmen who flew Salmsons in that area and the men of Fifty. The French, too, had experienced trouble with infantry hiding from their own airplanes. They were eager to exchange information with their allies who were perfectly willing to look out for French positions if the French would keep their eyes open for the Americans.

That is how infantry contact squadrons had to fight their war.

The weather became progressively worse as the Argonne battle proceeded, but Fifty had another task added to its regular job and this one, too, involved flying low over hostile troops. Some genius had conceived the brilliant idea that the war could be won by dropping leaflets to the German soldiers, urging them to surrender. Fifty detailed several crews each day to "deliver the mail" and they all got shot up doing it.

"At home," one of them said, "all a mailman has to worry about is dogs."

The mail-carrier detail had parcel post added to their duties when the YMCA heard about them. Packages of newspapers, cigarettes, and chocolate bars were sent up to be dropped to troops who were dug in on the advanced positions. Fifty, still forced to fly at 900, and

often at 500, feet because of a lack of ground panels, delivered the packages.

October started with clearing weather and HQ, noting that none of the D.H.s. had been shot down although frequently attacked by Fokkers, issued orders for Fifty to escort and protect the French photographic missions. This was a noble experiment, but not notably successful—partly because Fifty was hampered by an epidemic of spark plug troubles.

Early in October, 50th Squadron received the most electrifying and dramatic challenge thrown to any American squadron in the war. The order was: Find the Lost Battalion!

Strictly speaking, the famous "Lost Battalion" was not a battalion, nor was it lost. A newspaperman coined the phrase. It caught the imagination of the world, and the term stuck.

On October 2, 1918, the 77th Division was one unit in the American drive. It confronted Germans in the wooded wilderness known as the Argonne Forest, perfectly adapted to defense. The Germans had machine guns hidden in every section of the forest and those guns took heavy toll of the American attackers.

Maj. Charles W. Whittlesey, commanding six companies of the 308th Infantry and two machine-gun platoons, broke through the German defenses and gained the Binarville-Apremont highway. His objective was the mill on Charlevaux Creek, but he was forced to stop short of it in a deep ravine, with the Germans holding the heights. A company of the 307th Infantry fought through and joined him, but everywhere else the American advance was held up and Whittlesey discovered that both of his flanks were exposed and that the Germans were infiltrating behind him in the forest. He could not retreat and he lacked the manpower to advance. By noon on October 3, he was completely surrounded and cut off.

The Germans fought a war of attrition, without risking the casualties of an attack. With machine-gun nests behind and on either side of the Americans, with more machine guns and flame throwers on the heights above them, they kept the small force under constant fire.

Major Whittlesey sent out carrier pigeons with appeals for help, but he was badly oriented and he marked his position with the wrong coordinates. The position to which he was pinned was not very large, less than 350 yards long and no more than 50 yards wide. He had no food supplies or blankets, scanty medical supplies, and little ammunition.

On October 4, 50th Squadron undertook to supply Whittlesey and his men. Lts. Floyd M. Pickerell and Alfred C. George flew over the position recorded on Whittlesey's message and dropped food and medical supplies. They flew through heavy fire and they were unable to locate any American troops, but they delivered their load and came back. Other planes followed through the day, dropping supplies of all kinds.

On the 5th, the squadron delivered more packages, but there were no panels laid out to guide them and they had to

swoop low to lay their bundles on the spot indicated by the Whittlesey coordinates. They had no way of knowing that they were risking their lives to supply German soldiers, who gathered up all the supplies dropped.

On that same day, the infantry made an attempt to break through to Whittlesey's relief and was repulsed. The artillery then took a hand and laid down a barrage on what should have been the German position, if the Whittlesey coordinates were correct. The barrage came down upon Whittlesey and his men, who were also being punished by German fire. Whittlesey sent out another frantic message by carrier pigeon and the barrage was stopped. But at this point, the Whittlesey units were labeled "lost." They weren't where they had reported being and Whittlesey's latest report on his position could not be accepted as precise, or even as reliable.

Fifty was instructed not merely to drop supplies but to find the men who needed those supplies. On October 6, the squadron started on the task.

Lieutenants Goettler, pilot, and Bleckley, observer, flew over the Argonne Forest and the ravine. Since it was known that Charlevaux Mill had been Whittlesey's objective and that he did not reach it, they used the mill as their point of reference.

Mist and smoke covered the ground and from 1,000 feet it was impossible to spot men much less identify their uniforms. Goettler dropped to 500 feet and made a run, then 300 feet.

The intensity of German fire increased as they dropped lower. Germans on the floor of the ravine held their fire in order to conceal their positions from the observer, but the Germans on the heights were able to fire both anti-aircraft guns and machine guns at them. Even from 300 feet they were unable to see either German or American troops in the tangled, fog-shrouded forest. Goettler and Bleckley climbed out of range and considered their next move. They fired very lights but received no answering signals from the ground. They decided to try again, lower this time.

Pursuit pilots of other squadrons risked death in swift lunges on enemy planes, staking their lives on speed, skill and daring; but the gamble required of the men from 50th Squadron was of another sort. Theirs was the grim, enduring courage of accepting heavy fire without being able to fire back, of exposing themselves as targets to waiting guns in order to search out hidden secrets in dense forest and underbrush.

Down Goettler and Bleckley dove over Charlevaux Mill and arrowed across the tops of trees, only 200 feet above the ground now. German guns blasted at them and the plane was actually below German positions on the heights. Germans shot downward at them. They were still unable to see any panels, signals or signs of life, so they made one more run at 200 feet, dropped their packages on a guess and went home.

There were 40 holes in the D.H., two of them shrapnel gashes in the wings.

Pickerell and George, the next men slated to go out, looked at these evidences of German fire and realized what they were up against. But they went out.

They flew as the first two men had flown and they took their beating from the guns, and eventually, they also conceded and dropped their packages at a guess. The only ray of hope that they brought back was that the ground mist seemed to be clearing.

German accuracy improved as plane after plane of 50th Squadron flew through the ravine on search. Lt. Francis C. Slater was wounded in the foot and barely succeeded in getting home.

Lts. George Phillips and Michael Brown flew into heavy fire which smashed the pilot's windscreen and two instruments on the dash. Their engine sputtered and died with only 300 feet of altitude. Barely clearing the trees, Phillips got his plane down in No-Man's-Land and the two men made their way, by crawling stages, back to the American lines.

The next plane out, with Lts. Allen (Jay) Bird and Bill Bolt, was so badly shot up that it crash-landed at Viennele-Chateau. Both men escaped the wreckage with minor injuries.

The assignment was murderous now, but Fifty had no alternative but to keep on flying and searching. The men of the squadron suspected, rightly, that Whittlesey's men did not dare lay out panels or fire signal rockets because Germans were so close that any man making an open move would be a certain target.

Fifty did not know that the occupants of the last two planes were safe. Their fate seemed obvious.

Goettler and Bleckley, the two men who had started the day, loaded up for another trip. They decided that this time they would try to draw fire from the Germans on the floor of the ravine. If they could pinpoint enough of the German positions, they might succeed, by

the process of elimination, in locating the Americans.

The men of the Lost Battalion saw the show that these two men put on, one of the most daring air shows of the war. Skimming in above tree tops on their first run, they dropped almost to the ground in the few open stretches, zooming to clear the trees again, pivoting on one wing in a vertical to come back.

Germans hidden in the forest could not resist the target they offered and opened up at them with rifles and machine guns. Bleckley, taking their fire, marked down their positions and Goettler, coming back over them, nosed down and, confident in the knowledge that these were not his own men, answered their fire with his front gun.

It could not last, of course. Goettler was hit. With the last spurt of his vitality, he lifted the D.H. out of the ravine and over the ridge. He came down in front of the French lines, west of the American positions. He was dead when the French found him. Bleckley was dying but he had preserved his notes.

No one yet knew where the Lost Battalion was, but Fifty knew now of several places where they were not.

In the fading light of day, Lts. Maurice Graham and James McCurdy went out and gallantly followed the same tactics which had ended fatally for Goettler and Bleckley. They drew fire from the area which Whittlesey had reported as his position and some of the Germans who fired at them were so reckless that they exposed themselves.

The two men in the D.H. were low enough to identify uniforms. They swept back over the position to check the coordinates against any chance of error. The Germans on the heights were shooting downward at them and the Germans on the ground were trying frantically to bring them down.

McCurdy, the observer, was shot in the



neck and bleeding profusely, but Graham, in one of the worst shotup planes of the day, got him home.

Fifty, by process of elimination through spotting the German positions on the floor of the ravine, was moving close to the location of the Lost Battalion. But daylight had run out on them.

That night was a night of decision for Major Whittlesey. Nine of his men, trying to retrieve dropped packages, had been captured by the Germans who sent one of them back with a demand that Whittlesey surrender.

He rejected the demand but his officers urged him to make a night attack and try to fight back to the main body of American troops. That decision would involve leaving his wounded behind and Whittlesey rejected it as he had rejected the demand for surrender. He knew, however, that he could not hope to hold out much longer. He had no more carrier pigeons.

Under cover of darkness, two of Whittlesey's men succeeded in laying out two small panels to identify their position. Their only hope now was that the air service would see the panels and get help to them before the Germans wiped them out.

Lts. R. M. Anderson, pilot, and W. J. Rogers, observer, saw the panels on Fifty's first mission October 7. They

swooped low over the ravine and traversed it three times under heavy fire before they located the markers in the soupy mist, thicker than the day before. They shouted exultantly and, flew back over the position for a double-check. With holes in wing and tail surfaces and much damage to the fuselage, Anderson flew his D.H. immediately to the division dropping panel and Rogers let fall a message which echoed throughout the Allied world.

The Lost Battalion had been found!

Within hours the 25th, 82nd and 77th Divisions drove to the rescue of the trapped men. Less than 200 of Whittlesey's 600 men were able to walk. All of them were hospital cases.

Major Whittlesey was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. The award went also—but posthumously—to Lieutenants Goettler of Chicago, Illinois, and Bleckley of Wichita, Kansas.

Fifty, with those awards, became the only American squadron of WW I with two Congressional Medal of Honor winners. Only four were won by airmen. The other two winners were Frank Luke and Eddie Rickenbacker, pursuit pilots.

The awards were not made, however, till long after the war was over. Most of the reports of the finding of the Lost Battalion merely credited "the Air Serv-

ice" with no mention of 50th Squadron.

Fifty got on with the war. The squadron was an infantry contact squadron and the battle of the Argonne was still being fought. D. Hs. went out and reported on the positions of troops as they had done before the Lost Battalion entered their lives. They fought off Fokkers and they flew low in the face of ground fire.

On October 15, a replacement pilot taking a plane off on his first mission tried a zoom take-off and crashed, killing himself and a mechanic who was working on another machine. The D. H. flamed when it hit and this was the first "flaming coffin" of Fifty's experience. On the next day another D. H. flamed.

Frayne and French, flying toward the front on a mission, were suddenly enveloped in smoke and flame when a Very pistol discharged accidentally in the observer's cockpit. French sideslipped the burning plane for 2,000 feet, aware every second of the gas tank that separated him from his observer. He leveled off and landed in a small field and the two men tumbled out of the cockpit before the plane stopped rolling. Seconds after they escaped, the D. H. exploded.

Allen Bird, one of the two Birds in the squadron, shot down a Fokker with his front gun while piloting Lieutenant Rogers on a mission, but the combat took place on the German side of the lines on a murky day and he could obtain no confirmation.

After this incident a strange fever ran through the squadron. Pilots and observers developed yearnings for victories as frosting on the infantry contact patrol "cake."

So strong was this yearning that on October 23, Lts. George R. Phillips, pilot, and M. H. Brown, observer, dived on a German balloon. They did not succeed in destroying it, but they forced the observers to jump out with their parachutes. Winch crews hauled the balloon down hurriedly.

As the D.H. leveled off above the balloon, a flight of five Fokkers dived on it. Bullets from one of the Fokkers ignited the supply of Very pistols and Brown abandoned his gun to seize a fire extinguisher. While he fought the fire, Phillips streaked the plane for the American lines with Fokkers harrying him. He shot one of the Germans down and outraced the rest of them. Brown brought the fire under control, and Phillips landed at his own drome.

Fifty had its first official victory confirmed for the record.

On the 29th, Brown was involved in another fight, this time with Floyd Pick-erell as his observer. The two men were attacked by a total of 18 Fokkers, a full "Circus" behind the German lines. They succeeded in fighting their way home and in shooting down two of their foes. They complained bitterly when their victories were not confirmed.

"If any of those heroes in Spads did that," they said, "there would be motor-cycles running all over the front getting confirmations for them."

Dan Morse, the CO, a captain now,

CAVALIER



"You should appreciate this, doctor. It seems I left my wrench in your engine."

asked, "Who hired you guys to shoot down Fokkers?"

Neely and Osment, on the same day, shot down a Fokker without luck on confirmation.

On November 4, Lts. Beebe and Lockwood, while seeking a definition of the German line, were shot down by ground fire and taken prisoners.

The war was winding up now and the demoralized Germans were incapable of making a stand. Fifty's last mission was flown on November 6 by the two men who flew its first mission; Lieutenants Frayne of New York City and French of Portland, Oregon.

The Armistice was signed and all the equipment that Fifty needed during the hot months of war reached the squadron at last. They flew with no guns menacing them in the D.H.s. which had never justified their reputation as "flying coffins" in combat. They went through all the military motions and they waited. In the spring of 1919 they went home.

They had come originally, the men of 50th Squadron, from all sections of the United States and they scattered to all the compass points on discharge day. None of them was an ace and nobody had ever heard of 50th Squadron and nobody understood what infantry-contact flying was. They let the glory go and they found jobs.

What did they do? Well, let's take a look! Dan Morse, the CO, went into the air-conditioning business in Boston.

Frayne joined an engineering firm in New London, Connecticut. Cole went into industry and became president of a steel company in Cleveland. Dovey became a geologist, with an office in San Antonio, Texas. Rogers also chose San Antonio and practiced law there. Anderson, Rogers' partner in finding the Lost Battalion, became a salesman in Rock Springs, Wyoming. Pickerell also went into sales work in Kansas City. Brown bought land and farmed it near Rockwood, Texas. "Micky" Lockwood joined the Internal Revenue Service in Washington. Stewart Bird went into real estate business in Atlanta and Allen (Jay) Bird became the city treasurer of Nogales, Arizona. Bill Bolt taught school and became school principal in Detroit. Beebe became president of Aviation Underwriters, Englewood, N. J., and French organized the Aero Club of Oregon.

In 1936, 50th Squadron Association was formed with the declared purpose of "building up an interest among the second generation of the 50th Aero Squadron and to assist in keeping alive the memories of that grand old squadron." Children and grandchildren of the members of the 50th Aero Squadron become members of the association when they reach 10 years of age. It's impossible to ground an outfit like that. •

PHOTO CREDITS: pg 10, WW; pg 12, INS; pg 13, Marine Corps photo (left), WW (right); pg 46, Globe (left and center)



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"KENTUCKY? I CAN GET IT WHOLESALÉ"

Continued from page 19

outdo his earlier escapades as a mere colonel. The sky was the limit when he ordered tailors to design him a set of uniforms. None would serve on the battlefield, but they made all eyes squint from their luster when he twirled giggling debutantes across ballroom floors.

Hardly a week passed that Wilkinson didn't make headlines in the society columns. And once he threw a party that even moved war news off the front pages.

When rumor followed rumor that shoddy uniforms costing thousands and grossly inadequate supplies costing more were resulting from his orders, Wilkinson handled the reports easily. But the boom fell when the president of Congress began to wonder how the brilliant young Wilkinson managed to do so much socializing with Philadelphia's most sought-after debutantes on just his military salary.

A full investigation of the clothier-general's office was ordered.

Wilkinson acted quickly. His records were in too big a mess to set straight and there was no logical way he could explain his high expenses. He wrote General Washington a long flowery letter of resignation.

Washington accepted the resignation "with deep regrets." The investigation was canceled and Wilkinson left the army with a clean record, a colorful reputation, a hangover, and the wonderful financial connections he had made through a string of women.

He lit out for the wilds of Kentucky, inhabited then by a handful of settlers and Indians. "When the war's over," Wilkinson told a friend, "every army veteran and his brother will roll west. I'll be there first."

It happened just as he predicted. And as families trudged over the Wilderness Road, looking for a spot of fertile land they might call their own, Wilkinson was waiting with an open pocket-book. "Nothing too good for the vet-

erans," he smiled, calling himself the "General."

He sold vast farms for bargain prices, using land titles he and a lawyer friend printed. One tract of 5,000 acres was still occupied by hostile Indians. The general sold it three times.

The buyers didn't complain. They didn't live long enough to worry much about who owned what.

When legitimate owners with legal titles began arriving on the scene, Wilkinson's customers were forced to move, generally out of the territory, for financial reasons.

Meanwhile back at his "branch office," the General made a small fortune, which was quickly spent on wine and women.

When land sales dropped, Wilkinson built the first tobacco warehouse in Lexington, issuing notes for crops. The crops were sold for high profits, but the notes were seldom redeemed. Again he was able to pull flagrantly illegal deals right out in the open without marring his colorful reputation. Those who didn't go broke and leave for other parts complained so bitterly that they sounded like frustrated crybabies.

"They say I pull shady deals," smiled Wilkinson. "The British said I fought dirty when I was a general under Washington. You have to consider the source."

When the Indians hit the warpath, Wilkinson was the first choice of Kentuckians to lead a militia to belt them in line. He decked himself out in the brightest uniform the Bluegrass had ever seen and called a muster of every able-bodied man in the territory. "There are those who advise that we wait until the Indians attack in force," he announced. "I have argued from the beginning that such a policy will lead only to more death and destruction. I say let's cross the Ohio and smash them in their home territory."

"Thar they are!" shouted a scout, pointing to three graves soon after Wilkinson had crossed the river. "They must be retreating. Let's get 'em!"

"Wait," cautioned Wilkinson, checking the tree-covered countryside.

"You're yellow!" shouted one of his junior officers, raising his rifle and charging ahead. "Follow me, men!"

The militiamen, eager for the taste of battle, rushed forward. Wilkinson grabbed several key men, practically jerking them off their mounts, and raced ahead of others to herd them back.

The bulk of the militiamen rushed over the hill in hot pursuit of the redmen.

In a moment the charge was halted by wild savage screams, deep thuds of arrows cracking bone, and frantic yelps from the surprised Kentuckians.

Wilkinson ordered his handful of troops to dismount and follow him up the hill. He fanned them out in a long line, then crawled over the crest.

Indians were screaming out of trees and from behind bushes to finish slaughtering the militiamen. Wilkinson and his men opened fire, dropping the scalp-hungry savages as they ran in for the kill. Suddenly Wilkinson leaped up, running forward with a knife. His men followed, filled with a fury that demanded a complete victory.

James Wilkinson returned to Kentucky a full-fledged hero. The parties that followed soon outclassed the Indian campaign as a conversation piece.

When the General was again able to think of the future, he paid a visit to a friend and prominent Kentucky politician named Harry Innes. Innes was tall and slow-talking. But what he lacked in color he made up for in political acumen.

"I'm running for delegate from Fayette County to the next statehood convention," said Wilkinson. "You're to be my right-hand man."

Innes was skeptical. "You're a hero all over the territory," he said. "But there's a hell of a lot of people in Fayette County who still remember some of your land deals. Some still hold those phony tobacco notes you issued. Besides, Benjamin Garrard has already announced, and he's one of the best men in the county."

The General smiled. "I'll worry about the votes. You just find out who will vote for me. Get me names."

Innes reported back in two weeks, with an unimpressive list. "It's not ten per cent of the vote," he said. "Damn near every man in the county plans to vote for Garrard."

Wilkinson read the list carefully, then handed it back to Innes.

The day before election he called a muster of all able-bodied men in Fayette County. "There's a rumble that the Indians are planning another attack," he announced. "We must be ready!" He turned to Harry Innes. "Read the names of the men that will remain here to protect the women and children," he ordered. "The rest will go with me into the wilderness on maneuvers."

Garrard yelled fraud when he saw all his followers marching away from the polls just before election day. But the shouts were drowned in the fear Wilkinson had spread of another Indian attack.

It was a light vote that year. Wilkinson won hands down.



At the statehood convention of 1786, Wilkinson outsparkled every other delegate present. "Kentucky can not prosper and develop as a mere county of Virginia," he told the convention. "Gentlemen, we must cut ourselves loose!"

The delegates screamed their approval. The convention accomplished little of a practical note, except for the production of a long flowery letter dictated by Wilkinson to the State of Virginia requesting that Kentucky be allowed to become a full-fledged state. But Wilkinson accomplished a lot for Wilkinson. "Tell me, General," asked Judge Henry Stevens. "What can we do to get Spain to open the Mississippi River to Kentucky commerce? Without the river for free trade, I can't see much help for us, even if we do become a state."

"I'm working on that," replied Wilkinson. "Ask me again in a year."

Stevens laughed. "I suppose you're going to New Orleans and ask the Spanish authorities to open the river?" "Exactly."

"They'll shoot you! They've shot every Kentuckian they've caught on the river since they closed it!"

Wilkinson amassed a flotilla of flatboats loaded with Kentucky whiskey and tobacco and started down river. "When I come back I'll have a gold carriage pulled by a team of solid white horses," he boasted.

"If you come back," retorted a business friend.

The trip down river was boring until Wilkinson saw a shapely young thing named Carol Webster sitting on the bank. The light-skinned brunette had been run out of Richmond, Charlotte, and more recently Louisville. Angry wives of erring mates did the running, with the help of vote-hungry law officers.

He smiled once. She hopped aboard with the grace and agility of a lonely feline. It was a slow sunny cruise the rest of the way to New Orleans.

The General and his playmate floated into the arms of Spanish guards at high noon. The cargo was immediately confiscated and Wilkinson was thrown in jail, pending a routine order from New Orleans Governor-General Miro to have him marched before a firing squad.

Wilkinson flashed his smile, his credentials and demanded an audience with Governor Miro. After an overnight delay the request was granted.

The tall, dark-eyed, aristocratic governor was glancing over Wilkinson's papers when the young Kentuckian snapped erectly before his desk. Wilkinson, dressed like a gentleman from his gleaming boots to his black tie, acted as if he didn't know a firing squad was then forming in the court yard.

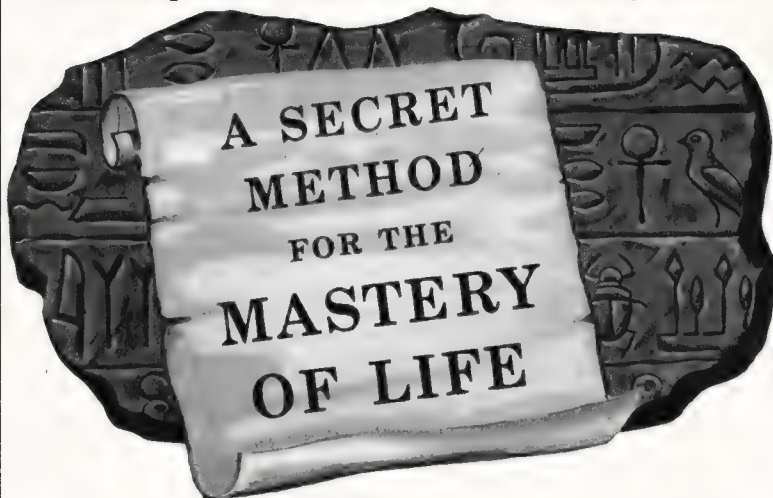
"Forgeries!" snapped Miro, slamming his hand on Wilkinson's credentials. "A general under Washington, head of the Kentucky militia, political leader—it's impossible. You're little over thirty years old! You're obviously a clever smuggler."

"If I were a smuggler, would I float into New Orleans at high noon?"

"Then why did you come?"

"To offer you a deal, one that will

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make you the most powerful man in the new world."

Miro chuckled.

"You closed the Mississippi River to starve Kentucky, but you know by now that you can't do that. Kentucky is still growing even without the river. Many are talking of going even further west.

"In a few years the Kentucky militia will be strong enough to knock your handful of troops here right out of the country. And they're mad enough to do it. They don't like their lifeline being chopped off.

"You know the gateway to the west is Kentucky. If you controlled Kentucky you'd have nothing to worry about. I'm here to offer you Kentucky; lock, stock, and liquor barrel."

Wilkinson's plan was basically very simple. Kentucky needed the Mississippi River. Spain needed a block on American migration west. Wilkinson reasoned that if one Kentuckian, and only one, were given a shipping permit he would soon have a strangle hold on all Kentucky commerce. If that man controlled the state militia, he could swing enough power to jerk Kentucky away from statehood.

"The independent Republic of Kentucky, with me as its president, will form an alliance with Spain," he smiled. "Spain would let Kentucky use the river. Kentucky would assure Spain of a military ally in case of trouble with the States. Kentucky would also forbid American settlers from crossing her borders to go west—stopping the western migration right at the gate."

Miro was hooked.

Wilkinson and Miro held long secret meetings, thrashing out terms and dividing up areas of power. It took a full year before their blueprint for the annexation of Kentucky was complete.

"It's like dividing up a world," said Miro, overcome with the magnitude of their endeavor.

Wilkinson left Carol in the care of some friends and returned by boat to Philadelphia.

When he returned to Kentucky, it was exactly as he had promised—in a gold laden carriage pulled by six white horses.

He built the largest home in the territory, hugging the banks of the Kentucky river. Around it he laid out an entire city, naming streets after his friends. One he named Miro—which he spelled, M-E-R-O. He also named the city—Frankfort. It is now the capital of the state.

The biggest names in business and politics were seen standing in line to be

invited into the General's study. He met them with a smile, a pat on the back, and a proposition that made their eyes pop.

"By Heavens!" exclaimed one businessman. "You've got sole trading privileges on the Mississippi—duty free. How in the hell—"

"Don't worry about how," smiled Wilkinson. "The point is I can sell everything you've got for three times the price you get hauling it over the mountains. All I want is half the profits."

An endless chain of flatboats soon swarmed south, all clearly marked as the property of James Wilkinson. Spanish gold flowed back.

Some skeptics, seeing the high profits involved, thought they could do what Wilkinson could do. They soon found their boats were confiscated and that they themselves were arrested.

"I fully agree they should be shot," Wilkinson wrote to Miro. "The entire west is experiencing a business boom like it has never had before. Everyone must know who is responsible."

Everyone did. James Wilkinson was the topic of every conversation. Only a fraction of the stories centered around the money he made. Most were about the money he spent.

He turned his business interests over to assistants and leaped headlong into politics—his pet passion. To the general public he said little about his real plans. But to the men he needed to swing the deal he laid his cards face up. With each card went a deal.

For the businessmen he offered big profits in trading ventures. For professional politicians he dropped phrases like "secretary of state," or "Treasury head," or "secretary of war." For many he flashed outright bribes of Spanish gold.

"The people want statehood," said one. "This independent republic business is not what they fought a war for."

"They'll never know what happened until it's done. Besides, it'll be to their advantage in the long run. Kentucky for Kentuckians."

The brighter ones saw that Wilkinson would be more than just a president—he would be a dictator. They distrusted his deep involvement with Spain. "What does it mean?" They asked.

"Spain will open the Mississippi. Our trade will double, our income triple," smiled Wilkinson.

"But what does Kentucky give Spain?" "Our friendship. What's wrong with that?"

Others asked more digging questions. What if Spain resisted the westward migration of American settlers? What if there was war?

Wilkinson skillfully sidestepped such questions. "Nobody wants war," he said. "What do you want to talk war for?"

In spite of drawing more income than any 10 men in the west, Wilkinson's lavish living habits still kept him strapped for cash. He solved this by sending frantic messages to Governor Miro, requesting money to buy votes. He sent detailed accounts of how much he would need.

George Nicholas, later to become professor of law at Transylvania University, was to get \$2,000. Alexander Bullit, war hero who later had Bullit County named for him, was offered \$1,000. Isaac Shelby, who later became Kentucky's first governor, was listed for only \$800. The names were many and their prices varied.

For Miro the stakes were high and he knew better than to expect something for nothing. He quickly sent the funds.

The stage was practically set for the big move when the next statehood convention convened. The only thorn in the General's side was public opinion—which favored statehood. He countered this with plans for a bandwagon rush based on the dream of all Kentuckians—the opening of the Mississippi River.

The man he selected to start the bandwagon was John Brown, Kentucky's delegate to Congress. Brown was the only man at the convention who knew the thinking of the federal government. "Here's the speech you're to make," said Wilkinson. "It boils down to this: Congress does not want another state; Congress will not ask Spain to open the Mississippi; Congress is too busy with other matters to give a damn what happens to Kentucky."

Brown nodded.

"You'll add that you have talked with Spanish officials who have assured you that the Mississippi will be opened immediately for the independent Republic of Kentucky. Any questions?"

Brown was not a stupid man, but he was weak. The lure of gold was too much for him. He shook his head and began memorizing the speech.

Everything was set.

Wilkinson celebrated the night before the convention met in Danville in 1789. His followers—businessmen, politicians, farmers and even a sprinkling of preachers—didn't think for a minute the celebration was premature. Wilkinson held all the winning cards.

Before the night was over Harry Innes, the only sober person present, took the General to one side. "Congressman Brown isn't here yet," he said. "He's been seen with that bunch of statehood advocates. They're a pretty clever bunch, General. If they could get Brown on their side, they might beat us."

"Brown took our money, didn't he?" Wilkinson countered. "I promised him a good job in the new republic. What can they offer him?"

"If they get statehood, they could make him Kentucky's first senator."

"You worry too much Innes. Brown will make his little speech saying statehood will do nothing for Kentucky. Then the bandwagon will start rolling."

Many of the delegates had painful hangovers the next morning—but not General Wilkinson. When he stood to address the convention, he spoke with the supreme confidence of a king who knows his throne is in good hands.

When he was almost finished, every delegate present was convinced of one point—without free use of the Mississippi River, Kentucky might as well be given back to the Indians. "There are two roads open to us, gentlemen," the General concluded. "We can apply for statehood and ask Congress to negotiate with Spain for opening the river—or we can establish an independent republic and negotiate with Spain ourselves. Statehood or independence is not the issue. The issue is the Mississippi River. Our responsibility to the good people of Kentucky is to take the road that will open the river."

The applause was loud.

He turned to Congressman Brown. "Our Congressman is the only man here who knows the feelings of Congress. I'm told he has also had meetings with Spanish officials. We ask you Mr. Brown, what road should we take?"

All eyes were on Brown as he rose slowly to speak. His knees shook and his voice was so weak only half the members present heard his exact words. It was no doubt one of the weakest double crosses in the history of the commonwealth.

"Be patient," mumbled Brown. "You must act in unison. Kentucky will get whatever she desires from Congress. Our only hope for future prosperity is through statehood."

The statehood backers leaped up. The bandwagon was rolling.

When Brown folded into his seat, Wilkinson's scheme to annex Kentucky to Spain was dead. The vote that followed buried it completely.

Now Wilkinson's loyal followers began deserting him. Miro cut off his trading privileges, halting all northward flow of Spanish coin. Kentucky businessmen quickly made new deals with new leaders. The name James Wilkinson became a dirty word all over the territory.

Few of Wilkinson's backers were seriously hurt by the collapse of their plans. With the wealth he had made for them, they conveniently switched sides and went on to hold high offices in Kentucky government for years to come. John Brown, needless to add, was later elected to the United States Senate.

DALE ROBERTSON

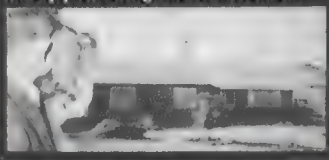
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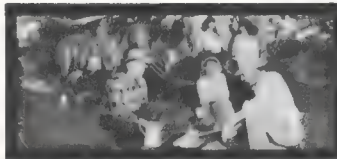
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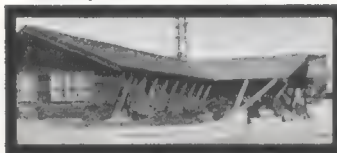
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But failure didn't break James Wilkinson, nor did it dim his taste for lavish living and shady schemes. He bounced immediately back into the army, flourishing such energy that he quickly regained his old rank of general.

Once on top again, his fertile mind unearthed new plans. He became deeply involved with Aaron Burr's abortive attempt to build a private empire in the Midwest. Wilkinson's troops were simply to stop being a part of the U. S. Army and become attached to Burr's new republic.

When Burr and his plan fell, Wilkinson leaped clear. He was never officially tied in with Burr.

He was also involved in a French plot to invade New Orleans. This time Wilkinson's objective was to destroy Spanish power in the new world, instead of adding to it. The plot failed, but the General didn't. At least not completely.

During all of his escapades Wilkinson lived as he had to live; fast, wide, and furiously. He wine and dined like a king, with the country backing him footing the bill. As always he spent just a

little more than he took in.

He wrote his memoirs, completely vindicating himself of all the nasty charges that had been thrown at him over the years. His former friend and benefactor, Benedict Arnold, was a traitor of the worst sort. Aaron Burr was a scoundrel. His former associates in the Spanish conspiracy were greedy, power-seeking opportunists who bent the sword of their own frustrated efforts into his lily white back. Only Wilkinson and possibly George Washington ever had the welfare of the country at heart.

As Wilkinson's debts grew and army life became more stable, there were fewer and fewer chances of finding a quick scheme for a quick buck. For the General this was unbearable.

He resigned and lit out for another unsettled area—Mexico. Age and high living were beginning to show, but there was enough life left to get the General navel deep in intrigue within months.

Historians will probably never know exactly what Wilkinson was working on in Mexico. He lived in a rambling home fully stocked with servants. The down

payment he promised on the home was never paid and neither were the servants. But living was easy and leaders from several countries in Europe and businessmen from New York were constantly running in and out of the place.

In the midst of the feverish activity, Wilkinson crawled into his silk-covered bed and died.

The business and political leaders shot home like rifle pellets. Only the servants and a handful of women remained to make funeral arrangements. They did not know his age, where he was born, his title or even his right name. They buried him in an unmarked grave.

Some tear-jerkers thought this was a great humiliation for the colorful General. Those who knew him best disagreed.

"The General was only interested in life—life, life, and more life. He didn't give a damn about death, or anything that went with it."

Regardless of what else may be said about General James Wilkinson, this much cannot be denied. He did one hell of a lot of living. •



THE TREASURE WRECKS OF FLORIDA

Continued from page 43

squadron and surprised eight sloops and luggers "fishing" on wrecks. He seized 180,000 pesos which they had salvaged and took 200 English and 98 Negro prisoners.

By the time salvage was discontinued in 1719, about \$6,000,000 in treasure had been taken out of the shallow wrecks. Something like \$15,000,000 aboard the two *Capitanas* and other deeper ships has never been brought up, making the sea bed off Cape Canaveral one of the best treasure-hunting sites of Florida. Because of the Spanish efforts to recover the lost gold and silver, it is likely that a search through archives would yield abundant information on the positions of the deeper wrecks.

The **SANTO CAYETANO (5)**—This 24-gun Spanish frigate was wrecked off Florida in 1738 during a storm. There was no treasure aboard except the usual money and silver dining services. A few years ago Craig Hamilton was reported to have found what may be the wreckage of this ship off Vero Beach. He recovered 22 cannons dated 1732 as well as canister and grape shot, muskets, and hand grenades.

THE FLORIDA KEYS

Per square mile of sea bed accessible to SCUBA divers there is probably no richer treasure-hunting field in the world than the ridges of reefs outlying the 200-mile string of limestone and coral islets called the Florida Keys. From Triumph Reef off Biscayne Bay, down through

Pacific, Turtle, Carysfort, Molasses, Conch, Crocker, Alligator, Tennessee, Coffin Patches, Sombrero, Looe Reef, and the Tortuga Bank on the southwest end, they formed a solid barrier of teeth to smash in the hulls of the Spanish treasure ships winding their way from Havana into the New Bahamas Channel. From 1550 to 1800 probably 12,000 vessels passed along the flank of this submarine death trap. And every 50 or 60 years, according to the law of averages, hurricanes would hurl a *flota* [a merchant fleet] against their coral points.

Sometimes the doomed naos and galleons hung on the outer edges of reefs to be battered to kindling. Often ships were carried right over these 5- to 15-foot outcroppings and dropped into depressions under the sheltered sides, or even swept in against the keys themselves. At least 25, and probably closer to 50, ships of the Spanish armadas sank along the Florida Keys.

As far down as Alligator Reef the water on the Atlantic side is clear, and visibility excellent. Below this point the keys and reefs are so broken by channels that sediment-laden water from the inner bay markedly reduces visibility. The SCUBA diver, with practice, can learn to recognize the most common indications of a wreck. If it lies on sand, the ballast mound will frequently be visible; if it has been overgrown with coral, unusual geometric formations—particularly straight lines—should be investigated.

The **VISITACION (6)**—One of the first hurricane-wrecked vessels was the

Visitación. In 1550, en route from Havana to Spain with \$200,000 worth of treasure, Capt. Pedro de la Torre's 200-ton nao was dashed to pieces somewhere among Los Martires—the Spanish name for the stretch from Lower Maticumbe to Elliott Keys. The silver and gold could not be recovered and remain in the coral-blanketed ballast of the *Visitación*, probably off Key Largo.

The earliest major loss, in which a large proportion of an armada was crippled, occurred in 1622. On August 28 of that year the combined New Spain and Tierra Firme flota sailed from Havana. Eight registry treasure galleons, 17 cargo naos and three pataches were strung along the Straits of Florida two days later when a hurricane struck.

The **SANTA MARGARITA (7)**—The first of the shipwrecked galleons was the *Santa Margarita*, smashed against the Maticumbes, where it broke into pieces. An early report says her treasure was recovered, but other reports make no mention of salvage. Several, in fact, state that 1,500,000 pesos were lost with her. It seems apparent that the famous *Santa Margarita*, described in half-a-dozen treasure books and maps to have sunk in just as many different spots with sums of silver and gold worth up to \$30,000,000, lies off the Maticumbes. Whether her \$1,500,000 treasure was salvaged is not clear.

Four **MERCHANT NAOS (8)**—Within an hour after the loss of the *Margarita*, four cargo naos had gone down, two wrecked against Maticumbe and two swamped at sea. As far as is recorded none was salvaged.

NUESTRA SENORA DE ATOCHA (9)—Over \$2,000,000 in gold and silver went to the bottom off Alligator Reef when the New Spain armada's *Almiranta*,

Nuestra Senora de Atocha, was swamped and sank in 10 fathoms, then too deep for salvage. Her treasure should be still there.

EL ROSARIO and a patache (10)—On the same day the galleon *El Rosario* and a patache were lost in the Tortugas. In the coral-blanketed wreckage of these two ships off the southeast reefs of the Tortuga Bank—probably between Loggerhead and Garden Keys—is another \$1,500,000 or so.

Two **TIERRA FIRME NAOS** (11)—Two other cargo ships of the Tierra Firme armada were, according to an old report, wrecked "on the Martires." Some silver and merchandise were retrieved from one or both.

In all, between \$4,000,000 and \$8,000,000 in silver and gold was lost with the 10 destroyed ships of the combined 1622 flotas, and over 1,000 men were drowned.

The **ALMIRANTA** (12)—In 1656 the *Almiranta* of Gen. the Marquis de Monteleagre's Tierra Firme armada was wrecked "on the shoals of Los Mimbres with a treasure of more than 4,000,000 pesos. The highest part of her hull was at six fathoms below the water." Los Mimbres are not shown on modern charts, but from early descriptions they would be Conch Key and the two between it and Duck Key running in a northeast direction.

Salvage operations got underway

within six months, early in 1657. Scores of native divers were put to work over the *Almiranta's* hull and gold and silver bars and coins were brought up. But work was difficult, and was halted when the total recovery was "about 1,000,000 pesos." The unsalvaged treasure of nearly \$3,000,000 is lying there today in the shallowest SCUBA range. A closer fix on the position can be obtained by further research since reports on the salvage would describe the *Almiranta's* site.

One of the greatest losses ever suffered by an armada occurred on July 15, 1733. Nearly two months earlier the New Spain flota commanded by Gen. Rodrigo de Torresy Morales had sailed from Veracruz. At Havana it was joined by an extra galleon, bringing its strength up to four galleons and 17 naos and smaller ships carrying about 20,000,000 pesos in silver. North of Havana, a hurricane drove the ships westward, ripping sails and splintering spars. Scattered components of the armada, half swamped and dismasted, scudded across the mountainous waves in the Florida Straits until they reached the end of their journeys on the Florida Keys and north coast of Cuba. When the storm passed on, it left in its wake four grounded ships: the sloop *Murgia*, two merchant naos and the *Capitana*. The remainder of the armada lay sunk under the straits or broken against reefs, of which only the *Rubi Segundo* was refloated.

The **GALLO INDIANA** (13)—This 58-gun galleon, *Almiranta* of the armada and built in Italy 10 years before, was wrecked on the Viboras—the section of the keys including Long Key and Lower Maticumbe. In subsequent salvage the treasure was nearly entirely recovered.

The **INFANTE** (14)—She was another foreign-built galleon, purchased from Genoa in 1724. The 60-gun *Infante* was wrecked off the lower tip of Key Largo, near Tavernier, in 18 feet of water. Her treasure was salvaged.

The **SAN JOSÉ** (15)—The fourth of the galleons was also wrecked off Key Largo and settled in 30 feet of water with some of the treasure buried out of reach in wreckage.

EL POPULO (16)—This 14-gun corvette was swamped before she reached the Keys and went down in deep water. The cargo, including a probable \$250,000 in silver, has never been found.

LOS TRES PUENTES and the **CARMEN** (also called the **HERRENA**) (17)—These two merchant naos were wrecked, with their decks awash, off Upper Maticumbe. Some cargo was saved, but the wreckage could still hold modest quantities of money.

EL LERRI (18)—She was a light, narrow-sterned pink which broke up near shore. None of her supplies and merchandise could be salvaged.

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LA FLORIDANA (19)—This sloop went down off Maticumbe, probably outside of Alligator Reef, in deep water. She carried little treasure.

The SAN IGNACIO and EL SUECO (20)—These naos were wrecked off the Vacas and settled with their decks awash inside the reefs. There could be \$50,000 worth of silver in the wreckage of each.

The PODER, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN FERNANDO, SAN FELIPE, and ANGUSTIAS (21)—All five merchant naos were wrecked between Long Key and Lower Maticumbe and their outlying reefs. Nearly all the crew members and passengers reached safety. Part of the cargo was recovered from the Poder, the San Francisco, and the Angustias (also referred to as the Chaves). The San Fernando settled in 40 feet water and none of her lading could be brought up before she disintegrated. The San Felipe ended up aground and everything aboard was taken off. There could be today anywhere up to \$250,000 in money and silver on any of the first four ships.

Two other ships, the San Pedro and Rosario, were wrecked off Cuba.

The Spanish carried out a remarkably

thorough job of salvaging the 1733 wrecks, considering the fact that only native skin divers were used. During the remainder of 1733 and 1734 a total of 12,000,000 pesos, nearly all in silver money and ingots, was recovered. After that storms had so smashed the hulls that skin divers could do no more. The project was abandoned with about \$4,000,000 still scattered under the reefs and in the deeper El Populo and La Floridana.

On nearly every calm day over the past few years, this total has been diminishing, however. The reason is Art McKee, a husky Florida-born, ex-pay diver who holds undisputed title to being the American treasure-diving champion—as well as a veteran submarine archaeologist. For six years Art has been searching for old wrecks in his backyard—that is the Florida Keys and Bahamas—with the result that at least 20 Spanish galleons and naos, English frigates and warships, pirate vessels and slavers have known his visits.

Among his accomplishments have been the location of several of the 1773 armada wrecks and the recovery of a complete museum from one of them lying three and one-half miles from his base at Mc-

Kee's Fortress of Sunken Treasure overlooking Treasure Harbor on Plantation Key. His recoveries, which have permitted positive identification of the wreck of one of de Torres' ships, include:

A three and one-half ton, 17-foot long anchor; 21 iron cannons; hundreds of cannon balls, bar shot, grape shot; nautical instruments; flintlock pistols, flintlock muskets, and lead bullets; cutlasses, swords, and daggers; pewter plates and drinking mugs, buckles and ornaments; crockery, pottery, chinaware, glassware; iron and copper spikes and nails, and pieces of wood from the hull under the stone ballast.

Listed among his treasure-trove are: over 1,000 silver coins, nearly all pesos dated before 1733, including some rare and extremely valuable 1732 "Dos Mundos" milled dollars; silver statues, candlesticks, silverware, knives, forks, and spoons, ornaments, a perfume flask, and buttons; gold coins including a 1728 pistole minted at Lima, Peru; a gold earring mounting a three-carat teardrop emerald; gold rings, including one with three of the nine rubies originally in its setting.

On nearly every workable day Art McKee and volunteer diver-friends set out on the Treasure Princess to "McKee's Treasure Galleon" inside of Little Conch Reef and put in eight or 10 hours raising coral-encrusted chunks of ballast mound, measuring about 100 feet long by 40 feet wide by 10 feet high. These are later broken up ashore. From the fragments spill forth anything from copper nails to precious gems and coins.

McKee's galleon, which lies partly buried in sand at a depth of 25 feet, could well be the San José which was reported to have sunk in about the same place and depth. If this is so, there is an excellent chance that one of these days, instead of stone ballast, Art will be breaking loose silver ingots, since this ship's salvage was incomplete. When he finishes with her—there is still a long job ahead—Art will have by no means reached the end of his undersea treasure mine. He holds a concession from the State of Florida, valid until 1962, giving him salvage rights to all wrecks from "Molasses Reef Light southwest direction along the edge of the Gulf Stream at the 10-fathom line to Alligator Reef Light, then northwesterly at 295 degrees, 15 minutes from Alligator to a point at the upper tip of Lower Maticumbe Key, thence along the Atlantic shore line to Point Charles at Rock Harbor, thence along a line at 131 degrees in a southeasterly direction to Molasses Reef Light."

The size of this territory and the necessarily slow pace of undamaged excavation of artifacts from ancient ballast mounds with crowbar, jet and air lift have given Art reason to consider enlarging his salvage organization. It is quite likely that soon heavier equipment will be used. When the salvage of the San José (many authorities believe that this wreck is the Capitana) has been completed, Art will tackle five more wrecks located in his zone. Among these is a ship which mounted the earliest type of guns—breech-loading *versus* [small bore



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culverin]—possibly the *Visitación*.

Under the terms of the McKee concession, 25 per cent of the proceeds from recovered treasure go to the state, plus \$100 per year for license. In return, he has the exclusive right to carry out salvage work in his 100-square-mile territory. Unfortunately state laws covering the new field of treasure diving have not yet been given teeth and are hard to enforce. As the result Art's zone has been raided by wreck-dynamiters who destroy valuable artifacts in their grubbing for cannons and anything else easy to raise. A group of these highjackers dynamited and stole 12 cannons from one of Art's wrecks in 1957. In spite of such vandalism Art and his co-enthusiasts are making steady progress in the cataloguing of Spanish wrecks and both the Smithsonian Institution and McKee's own museum have been enriched from his work.

H.M.S. WINCHESTER (22)—In September 1695, this 60-gun English warship, carrying some loot taken in raids against the French in Haiti, sank during a hurricane off Key Largo. Her wreckage was discovered in 1940 by Charles Brookfield and a friend. From the coral-buried ballast they raised cannons—by which the wreck was identified—money and silver plate, and a large collection of artifacts. The *Winchester* has since been visited by many divers and is one of McKee's favorite training grounds for apprentice divers. There is probably very little of value left on her.

The NAO (23)—There have been several reports that an unidentified Spanish ship was wrecked on the Bamboo Banks about 1720. These shoals are located south of Matcumbe and very likely hold the remains of other lost vessels as well.

H.M.S. LOOE (24)—In 1950 Capt. Bill Thompson, of Marathon, Florida, and Dr. and Mrs. George Crile, Jr., spotted a wreck 25 feet deep off Looe Reef. They were soon working on the site, bringing up among other things 6-pounder and 12-pounder cannons bearing the Broad Arrow and Rose and Crown marks, and a Swedish coin dated 1720. From these and other artifacts, Mendel Peterson placed the wreck as a small English warship of the 1720-50 period. Checking through the registry of lost British warships, he came across the notation: "February 5, 1744, *Looe*, 44 guns . . . lost in America." The name of the reef, like so many others, had been taken from the ship which it sent to the bottom.

During the past 10 years Florida skin-divers have been reporting and salvaging artifacts from wrecks throughout the Keys. Some could well have come from treasure ships. A few of the more interesting authenticated finds—and some of the best fishermen's tales—are included below.

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1958 the Miami "Glug Glugs" raised a 700-pound, four and one-half foot English mortar from 50 feet deep between Long Key and Tennessee Reef.

The RING WRECK (27)—Craig Hamilton raised 18 Swedish cannons dated 1778 and 1779 from a ballast pile off Ajax Reef. A huge iron ring protruding from the mound—probably that of the ship's anchor—is the basis for the name. Nothing in the treasure category was reported located on the wreckage.

The CARYSFORT REEF CANNONS (28)—Craig Hamilton found five other cannons, of unknown date and nationality, off Carysfort Reef in 1957.

The KEY LARGO CANNONS (29)—Fifteen cannons, 12 feet long and dated 1732, nationality unknown, were raised off Key Largo Dry Rocks in 1957. There was no other wreckage except cannon balls in the vicinity, leading to the supposition that these guns had been jettisoned from a ship in trouble.

The PACIFIC REEF ENGLISH WRECK (30)—A recently-discovered ballast mound off Pacific Reef so far has yielded two carronades, cast in England in 1811, as well as two cutlass blades and other artifacts.

The SHIP CHANNEL WRECK (31)—Cannons and anchors have been reported raised from the bottom of the channel into Biscayne Bay, leading to the likelihood that a wreck lies nearby.

Tales of coins washed up on the beaches after storms, both true and unsubstantiated, are common among fishermen of the Florida Keys. The most often heard of accounts describe money of varying dates and nationalities—always including at least one doubloon or piece of eight—discovered fairly recently on the weather shores of these keys: Bahia Honda (32), Pigeon (33), Grassy (34), Lower Matcumbe (35), Elliott (36).

The FOWEY ROCKS TREASURE (37)—There have been a number of re-

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ports of silver ingots and coins recovered from the ocean bottom off Fowey Rocks, but again proof seems to be lacking.

Out of curiosity friends of Bob Nesmith made a serious attempt to track one such tale down to its source but had no luck.

The PITCH BARREL WRECK—One story of recovered treasure that is true stars Art McKee and includes all the details except the answer to the 64-doubloon question: Where? Back in his early, pay-diver days, when he chuckled at "crazy treasure hunters with that gleam in their eye," Art was approached by a man with a proposal. Unlike so many others, this involved cash on the barrelhead and Art accepted. After a voyage of unspecified duration the man pointed down and Art went over. They were at the edge of a shallow reef. Within a short time McKee had found two iron cannons embedded in coral. Then he looked over the precipice into 80 feet of water below and saw more cannons.

Three days later, after developing calluses from hacking at coral with his pick, Art spotted an odd round coral growth and gave it a tentative whack. There was a hollow space inside where barrel staves had rotted away. The coral wall hid the contents of a barrel. But not an ordinary barrel, Art was quick to note.

As told by Art in Bob Nesmith's book *Dig for Pirate Treasures*: "I hit the coral a couple more whacks . . . and inside was hard black pitch or tar, with gold coins sticking out of it. I broke off a hunk of the pitch and sent it topside and they got 18 gold doubloons out of it. I was

sure excited. I had never seen gold on the ocean bottom before and this glistened like new. I broke up the mass and we found over 1,600 gold doubloons altogether."

With the exception of a handful donated to McKee and now in his museum, the owner melted down the entire numismatic treasure. From the gold bullion he received about \$56,000. Had he sold the one-ounce coins to collectors he would have realized at least \$250,000.

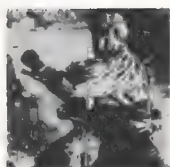
It is possible that this episode had something to do with McKee becoming a treasure diver . . .

And what about the rest of the wreckage of this established treasure ship? Art has by no means forgotten it. "We intend to work it soon, as I think I now have the exact location," he states. "For obvious reasons I can't pass this information on. We are quite sure there is more treasure."

Art is equally specific in describing the spot where he and his friend Charlie Brookfield found silver. While searching for cannons on the sea floor they came across three "sows" lying at a depth of only 25 feet. They weighed 60, 70, and 75 pounds respectively. Two of these ingots have been given places of honor in McKee's Museum of Sunken Treasure. The third is in a glass case at the Smithsonian Institution, surrounded by pieces of eight, bar shot, and other artifacts salvaged from Spanish galleons, and considered one of the Smithsonian's prize acquisitions. The markings on the bars are indistinct, making dating difficult. Where did they come from? Somewhere "east of Key Largo," replies Art. •



"Otherwise she has trouble with the high notes."



THE TEXAS KILLER WHO COULDN'T DIE

Continued from page 37

town and site of a famous boys' ranch. Nicholas owned the store and big flocks; he was the boss of the Canadian valley, a tremendous expanse of grass free for the taking.

About then—in 1876—cowmen with taking ways entered the Panhandle grazing picture, venturing into the high and dry plateau. Col. Charles Goodnight, one-time Texas Ranger and co-blazer of the Loving-Goodnight cattle trail from Texas into New Mexico, was the first cattle baron to appear. He drove a herd from Colorado into the valley and set up temporary quarters near Borregos Plaza. Goodnight had in mind claiming the whole of the vast, treeless Panhandle as his empire.

This worried Nicholas, who was now a peaceful man. He wanted to get rid of Goodnight without resorting to force. Goodnight was worried, too, because he learned that the renowned Sostenes was living with Nicholas.

Nicholas quickly visited Goodnight and recommended that Goodnight move on south some 50 miles to Palo Duro Canyon, a great gash in the plains. If he would do this, Nicholas would see to it that the Mexicans would not attempt to invade Goodnight's realm.

This suited the foxy Goodnight. "But," he said to Nicholas, "what about Sostenes? What if he makes trouble with my men? What if he decides to hit the Palo Duro country?"

"No worry," Nicholas promised. "If Sostenes causes us more trouble, I will kill him myself. He will not bother you."

As if to bind the mutual-benefit treaty of the open range, Nicholas helped Goodnight move his outfit into Palo Duro. On his way back to his own domain he saw that more trouble had come to the valley. Two brothers named Casner had arrived from California with flocks of fine sheep handled by a Navajo boy and a pack of fierce dogs.

Crafty old Nicholas approached the Casners. The valley of the Canadian was well populated with sheep and people. He told them there wasn't sufficient range for more sheep. But down toward Palo Duro Canyon was a grassy vastness waiting for flocks.

This sounded good to the Casners and they moved in the direction of the Palo Duro. Word of the Casners, known as "the Californians," circulated around the plaza. Everything about them—their fine sheep, horses, equipment, clothes—indicated prosperity. There was a good chance that men who could bring such a fine sheep outfit all the way from California would have a supply of gold.

The situation excited Sostenes l'Archeveque. The Californians were gringos, and rich ones at that. Sostenes decided that it would be worth his while to do

away with two more gringos and harvest their sheep, equipment, and gold. He didn't know of the promise Nicholas had made to Goodnight, but he did know that old 'Colas wanted only peace in his valley.

Sostenes needed help. First he propositioned a friend named Baca who, for half the loot, including the sheep, would keep old 'Colas placated and also act as contact man for Sostenes.

The next morning Sostenes persuaded a Mexican boy named Gurules to "go hunting" with him. Sostenes was on his fastest horse while the boy rode an ordinary nag. The winter day was mild, the cottonwoods along the river were naked, and the grass was brown. Sostenes and the boy rode southward through hills and cuts—the badlands near the river—until they came out on the level, treeless plains. They rode straight to the Casner camp.

One of the brothers, a tall young man with a red stubble on his face, was there. Sostenes struck up friendly conversation.

"How many in your party?"

"Only three of us. My brother and an Indian boy are with me."

"Where are they now?" Sostenes asked.

"Out with the flock," Casner said, turning to the south and waving a hand in that direction.

As the man turned his back, Sostenes yanked out his pistol and fired. Casner plunged face down to the ground.

The Gurules boy went into a frenzy and wanted to high-tail it for home. Sostenes knocked the kid down. "Stay down and keep quiet!" the giant ordered, "or I'll kill you now."

While the boy whimpered on the ground only a few feet away from the dead Californian, Sostenes waited.

Thirty minutes later he saw the other Casner brother walking toward the camp. When Casner was within easy range, Sostenes shot him to death.

When the Mexican boy had recovered some composure, Sostenes ordered him to mount the fast horse and ride out and kill the Indian shepherd. If the boy didn't do as he was told and return to camp, Sostenes would beat him to death.

The boy rode away, vomiting as the horse galloped across the prairie. When he was out of gunshot range, the boy turned the horse, put the whip to him and headed straight for the plaza. Sostenes saw what was happening. He knew the boy would dash into the settlement and blab what he had seen. But it was too late. Even if he forced the nag, Sostenes couldn't overtake his own fleet steed. So old 'Colas would soon know about the two murders.

Sostenes searched his victims and found only a few coins; he ransacked the camp but could find none of the gold he believed the brothers had. He crawled on the nag and rode out to meet the Indian

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shepherd who, with the help of his monstrous yellow dogs, was herding the sheep toward camp. The Navajo stopped. His dogs trotted to him and the sheep wandered slowly, grazing.

When Sostenes questioned the Indian about gold, the Navajo played ignorant. He spoke to the dogs and they fuzzed up and showed their teeth. Infuriated, Sostenes rammed his pistol into the Indian's stomach. One of the growling dogs leaped at Sostenes, knocking him down. He leaped up and shot the dog. Then he stuck the gun in the Indian's face.

The Navajo told Sostenes where there was one bag of gold—near the spring. The Casners had more gold hidden in the vicinity, he said, but he didn't know where it was. Seeing that he would get no more information, Sostenes began clubbing the Indian with his gun.

As he did, the other dog leaped for his throat. Sostenes shot the animal and then beat the Indian to death.

Sostenes was in a hurry now. He took a revolver off one of the dead brothers and rushed to the spring. At the spot the Indian had indicated he found a leather bag filled with gold coins. He searched for an hour, but with no luck, and then headed back toward the Canadian River on the nag.

About half way to the plaza he met his partner, Baca, and heard how the Gurules boy had clattered into the settlement on Sostenes's foaming horse and spread the story.

"And my sister and 'Colas,'" Sostenes asked. "What do they think?"

"'Colas very mad, and your sister, also," Baca told him.

Sostenes told of his adventure. He divided the gold with Baca and suggested that they return to the Casner camp, search for more gold, and take over the sheep. But Baca, having seen and heard the reaction of the settlement to the Gurules boy's story, warned that they'd best forget the sheep. He cautioned Sostenes to hide out for several days, lest all the pastores, and especially 'Colas, rise up against him.

"You afraid?" Sostenes asked.

"Yes."

"Then go tell 'Colas we had a fight and are enemies. Then he will never give you were in on this."

Old Nicholas Martinez was black with rage. He had given his word to Goodnight that Sostenes would not ride in the vicinity of the Palo Duro. In fact, he had promised to kill Sostenes if the brother-in-law caused any more trouble. What would Sostenes do next!

'Colas called a council of the men of the settlement. Squatting around the walls in one of the huts, the men looked at 'Colas, the boss. 'Colas told of the last deed of Sostenes.

"He will get us all into trouble," 'Colas said. "We will be driven from the valley. We will lose what we have. We would be better off with Sostenes dead."

'Colas has spoken. The men must rid the valley of Sostenes. Perhaps only an ambush could get him. They would trap him in the 'dobe hut of Felix Gurules that night.

'Colas sent a trusted man to find Sostenes and whisper to him that hot

food would be ready for him that night at the Gurules place. Sostenes could slip in, eat, and then get back out of sight.

Felix Gurules and Miguel Garcia hid in the house, armed with knife and guns. Other men found hiding places among nearby cottonwoods.

Sostenes was hungry. When darkness crept across the hill-pimpled plains and lights glowed dimly in the huts around the plaza, he eased along the river. Approaching the Gurules place, he dodged from one cottonwood to another until he was at the front door, merely an opening draped with a buffalo robe. He pushed back the robe and crawled through into the light, easing into an ambush as LaSalle had done 190 years before.

Gurules and Garcia leaped upon him, grabbing his arms and driving a long-bladed knife into his back.

Snarling like a wild animal, Sostenes rose and flung the men from him. 'Colas dashed into the room, cursing his brother-in-law for the trouble he had caused. 'Colas fired two shots at three-foot range into the big blond's chest. Sostenes reeled back and fell, but jumped up again. The knife was still in his back with a dripping bloodstain oozing and widening around it. Gurules and Garcia jumped on him again, jerking him to the dirt floor and pinned him. 'Colas dropped on him with a knee in the struggling man's stomach.

By this time, Baca, Agapito Gurules, Francisco Nolan and a couple of other men had come into the house.

Glaring at all of them, Sostenes hissed: "Let me get your cowardly knife out of my back and I'll kill the last one of you."

'Colas banged his head with a pistol barrel. Sostenes was dazed but only momentarily. He rose to a sitting position, pulling the men with him. He glared at Baca, who had taken his share of the gold. Baca took no sides, declining to help Sostenes or the men who were attacking him.

Sostenes rolled over, taking the men with him. One of the watchers sprang on him and tried to choke him. With a hand free for only a second, Sostenes hurled the man across the dingy room.

'Colas and two others began clubbing Sostenes with pistols, hitting him in the face and on the head: Every blow batted his head to the floor but it bounced back up time after time.

Sostenes and his attackers were sweating and bloody. The Gurules house was a shambles. As Sostenes fought, he cursed the men and spat foamy blood in their faces. In struggling to hold him, the men ripped away his shirt, exposing his hairy chest, the point of the blade that was stabbed into his back, and a tiny black cross attached to a gold chain around his neck.

The blows rained on his head until at last the great, bloody body shuddered and then slumped. That was the last of the almost indestructible l'Archeveque breed.

Like LaSalle, old Jean l'Archeveque and Sostenes died in ambush, each on the bank of a river, each at the hands of his own people. ●



OUR SUICIDE RUN ON THE SHOOT-OUT SUB

Continued from page 31

that the target had vanished from the screen. We could hear breaking up noises through the hull. We all cheered.

The stink of the Jap's diesel fuel hung heavy in the night air. *Batfish* was afloat in a sea of oil. We radioed the news to the wolfpack commander, then rigged searchlights to look for survivors. But there was nothing to see except oil.

"While oil slick is indication that submarine had sunk," I wrote in the combat log, "would still like to salvage some Nip submariners to see what makes them tick."

Dawn broke through a heavy overcast. On the bridge I sipped a mug of strong, scalding coffee. Radar kept reporting distant plane contacts. "These lads are going to make our search a little difficult," I called up to the lookouts.

0543. The SJ operator screamed over the intercom: "Plane! Plane! Coming in fast on port quarter!"

"Clear the bridge!" I yelled. The lookouts rushed past as I hit the diving alarm. "Dive! Dive!" The harsh klaxon blared through the ship. I scrambled down the ladder, yanking the wire lanyard that clanged the bronze hatch behind me. As the quartermaster dogged it home, I heard the sharp command of the diving officer:

"Fifteen degree down!"

At 0947, coming up to periscope depth, I spotted five planes about four miles astern, heading west. A Black Cat with an escort of four Zeroes. The patrol bomber was flying low, investigating the oil slick. "Unfortunately," as I wrote in the log, "*Batfish* failed to go to deep submergence."

1008. "Up 'scope!"

As the periscope column rose, I crouched and came up with it, working the elevating handle for air search, and made a sweep. The Black Cat and three fighters were close aboard on the port bow. But where the hell was the other Zero? I started another sweep.

"Torpedo!" sonar yelled. "Coming in on port beam!"

"Take her deep!" I shouted.

I drew a breath and held it, hearing over the pounding of my heart the hum of the torpedo homing in on our ship, getting closer, ever closer, as *Batfish* knifed down at a 20-degree angle—as steep as we could go and still keep her under control—heading for the safety of the depths. Anyway, now I knew where the hell that fourth Zero was; flying down our track, spotting us for the Black Cat's torpedo.

The fish rushed directly overhead and went away on the starboard quarter. There was a loud hiss in the conning tower; everyone had been holding his breath. The log entry summed up our sentiments: "A tender moment."

1915, 11 February. The APR man spotted another jagged line on his screen and called the O.D., who promptly summoned me. I looked, then turned to Sprinkle with a grin.

"Same song, second verse, Sprink. If anything, it's darker than night before last so I think we can chance another surface approach. Let's work it the way we did then, with you down here and me topside."

"Aye, skipper."

"Radar contact!" the SJ operator reported. "Eight thousand yards, bearing three-one-zero true!"

"Battle stations, torpedo!" I ordered.

Batfish began tracking. At 2037 I could see a low black form 1,300 yards off the port bow. It was about 60 feet shorter than the previous target, had no bow shears and lay very low in the water: An RO-type. Small and fast and deadly.

I leaned over the bridge speaker. "Change course to zero-four-five true. All ahead full."

Batfish heeled to port, her wake breaking into a right angle as the helmsman brought her onto the new course. I sighted through the torpedo bearing transmitter, then spoke through the intercom to the man on the torpedo data computer in the conn:

"Make her range twelve hundred fifty. No—twelve hundred. Speed fourteen. Angle on the bow is ninety starboard. Stand by for a firing setup."

Target was clearly visible now as *Batfish*, the darkest part of the horizon dead astern, made her approach. As soon as the gyro angle decreases ten more degrees, I thought, I'll shoot... Then I swore.

"Skipper!" Sprinkle's voice came over the bridge speaker. "Radar has lost contact!"

"I know," I said dryly. "Our boy just dived."

It was not a comfortable situation. The dread of submariners is that another undersea craft is making a submerged approach on them while they are surfaced. What to do? We could give up the Jap and dive ourselves—by far the safer action—or we could carry out that well known Navy maneuver, haul ashes. He who fights and runs away... Hairs on my neck prickled as I imagined the Jap skipper watching us through his periscope.

"Hard left rudder!" I said. "All ahead flank!"

Batfish heeled hard to port, then surged ahead as her diesels poured it on. Summoning the O.D. from the conn to relieve me, I snapped on a pair of red goggles to protect my night vision and climbed down into the wardroom for a conference with Sprinkle, damning myself for having lost the target by waiting for the perfect setup. "You think he spotted us, skipper?" Sprink asked.

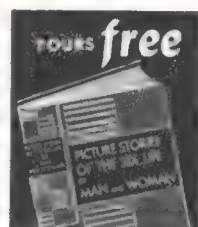


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"Maybe not," I said. "Maybe he heard about his buddy getting it the other night and is just jumpy. But if he has spotted us, let's make him think he's scared us off. Then we'll come back and get him."

Neither of us spoke the thought: *if he doesn't get us first*. Each with one ear cocked for the swish of approaching torpedoes, Sprink and I bent over the chart with compasses and needle-sharp pencils, playing the game of What-would-I-do-if-I-were-a-Jap.

Sticking the point of the compass on his position, west of Calayan Island, before he dived, I made a circle. "At four knots," I said, "target would be somewhere in this area." I made a larger circle. "At six knots he'd be in this one. As soon as we get outside his radar range, let's slip around to the south of him and make a new approach—"

The sonar operator's excited yell over the intercom broke in: "Captain! I'm receiving a loud swishing noise getting louder. Bearing one-nine-zero relative!"

Sprink and I looked at each other: "He's blowing his tanks!" I said.

"He's surfacing!" Sprink said.

At 2106, one minute later, the APR man reported he was getting the Jap's radar signals again. Seconds later the SJ operator's voice came over the intercom: "Radar contact. Eight thousand yards! Bearing zero-one-eight true!"

"Let's go get him!" I ran out of the wardroom, heading for the bridge. "Whether target heard us or thought he heard us," I wrote in the log, "saw us or thought he saw us, I don't know. But I do know he's going to have it tough finding us this time."

"We've got him on a base course of one-two-zero true, skipper," Sprinkle reported. "He's speeded up from seven to twelve knots, zigging."

"Come right to zero-nine-eight," I said. "All ahead flank!"

This approach called for new tactics. Target obviously was on the alert. When radar reported range had decreased to 6,000 yards, I cleared the bridge and brought the ship down to radar depth. Only the antenna—not much metal for the enemy radar to pick up—was above the waves as *Batfish* bore in through the black sea, closing the Jap.

In the conn I watched the ghostly blip on the radar screen growing steadily larger, more precise. "Range eleven hundred," the operator reported. "... One thousand ... Nine hundred ..."

The eyes of everyone were on me. I knew what they were thinking: What the hell is the old man waiting for? Does he want to ram the fish home himself?

"Range eight hundred and eighty!"

"Fire torpedoes!" I said.

Four fish, set to run at four feet with a one-knot speed spread, whined out of our forward tubes. The hands of four stop watches timing the fish began to crawl around the clock faces. Tensely I watched the first hand. It should take about 50 seconds or so for Number One to cover the distance—if it hit.

At 50 seconds I snapped my head around to the radar screen. Target, later identified as the RO-112, disintegrated before my eyes, tiny pips flying out from center. Nine seconds later everyone

could hear a second muffled explosion as Torpedo Number Two hit the wreckage. Ten seconds later came another blast.

The conn rang with ear-splitting cheers. Sprinkle was pumping my hand, yelling something I could not hear. Someone was pounding me on the back. When the excitement had died down we could hear the grisly boom and hiss of breaking up noises as the wreckage sank to the bottom. As the Jap sub came apart, the sea rushed into compartments, forcing out the air that rose in great gurgling bubbles.

Then a tremendous blast rocked *Batfish*, knocking men to the deck. I grabbed the periscope column to keep from falling. An air attack? But how could a plane spot...

"Then we realized," as I wrote in the log, "that it was just the finale to the swan song of one Nip submarine. Maybe this guy was carrying ammo to Gen. Yamashita on Luzon."

There was scarcely a chance of any enemy crewmen living through that hell, but I still wanted to pick up a Jap submariner. We brought *Batfish* up to periscope depth preparatory to surfacing. But radar reported a plane contact and we went down to 100 feet.

0155, 13 February. The APR operator spotted a weak radar signal. It looked like another enemy sub. At 0215 the SJ man got a contact at 220 degrees true, range 10,700 yards. *Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!* "All hands, battle stations, torpedo! All hands, battle stations, torpedo!"

Same song, third verse. Only it wasn't the same song at all I thought, listening to the clanging footsteps of the men as they ran to their battle stations. Every action has its own peculiarities, its own problems to be solved on the spot. Lowering the boom on the first Jap submarine had been rough, but the second sub had been rougher. And I had a feeling that this target would be the roughest of the bunch.

With two scalps under their belts, the men were eager to add a third. But the two previous actions had taken a lot out of them. We had been "up" for the other two. Could we be up for this one? There was also the danger of our being overconfident.

Afterwards, blasting the two subs seemed a snap—*afterwards*. It seemed so because we had won. Possibly we had won because for some unknown reason the Japs had been overconfident themselves. That's the thing about sub duty. You only hear the details on the victories. The losers never come back to tell their story—

Sprinkle stepped up, his tan, boyish face creased with worry.

"Skipper, we've shot so many fish we're almost dry forward."

I had to laugh. "I was just thinking how each action presents its own problems. How many fish do we have forward?"

"Two."

"We'd better save them for an emergency." Then, clapping the exec on the shoulder, I added with an enthusiasm I

did not feel, "Tell you what, Sprink. Let's try a stern shot on this baby."

Sprinkle gave his tuneless whistle. To make a stern shot we would have to get closer to target than the desired shooting range, then pull away to the range we had set. During this time we would be begging him to let us have it with his bow tubes. The maneuvering involved in lining up a fast-moving target astern is very tricky—and calls for trick shooting. It had been done, of course, though never before with another submarine as target.

At 0241 with range 7,150 yards, the Jap vanished off both the APR and radar screens. He's dived, I thought. *Why?*

"Think he spotted us?" Sprinkle asked through the open hatch.

"I don't know," I said slowly. "Of course we do know that every Nip sub in the area is gunning for us now. He was coming from the southwest. Let's try an end around and get ahead of his track so we'll be ready for him when and if he surfaces."

Batfish raced ahead on a north-easterly course. The night was clear for a change and the low black silhouette of Sabtang Island was visible to starboard. Still, my lookouts and I could find no trace of the Jap from the bridge.

At 0310 the APR man reported the signal had come back. The Jap's either surfaced or taking a sweep, I thought. But neither the SJ nor SD radar picked him up; meanwhile the signal went off the radar detector. What was he doing? Making a submerged approach on us? He must be. He had to be. And we're on the surface—the proverbial sitting duck.

"Keep your eyes peeled for a periscope!" I called up to the lookouts. "Sound," I said into the bridge speaker, "listen out for approaching torpedoes."

We could, of course, withdraw. But I knew from experience that to succeed in this game you have to take chances, sometimes long ones. The next 43 minutes were tense for us on *Batfish*.

0353. "Radar contact, bearing three-three-six true! Range ten thousand yards!"

The Jap was to the northwest. I gave a sigh of relief. This was more like it.

"Left full rudder," I ordered. "All ahead full!"

When we had brought *Batfish* to within 6,800 yards of target, I cleared the bridge and brought her down to radar depth. This approach called for running silent. "Secure all unnecessary equipment," I ordered. "Make ready all tubes aft."

Every piece of machinery that made any noise and was not imperative to run the ship was cut off. In the control room below, the men operating the bow and stern planes shifted to hand control. Ditto the helmsman in the conn. With the fans and blowers secured, the heat of the engines began to slide through the ship, bringing with it the jailhouse stink of the bilges, a whiff of diesel fuel and the sour odor of sweating, frightened men. *Batfish* was running scared, but she kept boring in. The only sounds I could hear in the conn were the whirr of the TDC and the banging of my heart, two pieces of equipment that could not be secured.

"Stand by tubes aft," I ordered.

"Standing by."

"Set gyros at zero, torpedoes to run at a depth of six feet."

"Aye, sir," the torpedoman answered, repeating the command.

"Range fifteen hundred," the radar man reported. "... Range, fourteen-fifty ... Range, fourteen hundred!"

Here comes the fun, I thought and gave the command: "Right full rudder!"

With what seemed insolent laziness, *Batfish* began to swing around in a 150-degree turn as we brought her stern tubes to bear. Now we were facing the Jap, now we were running parallel with him, now we were moving away from him.

Air in the conn was bad, getting worse. Everyone I could see in the bloody haze was sweating heavily. Sweat crawled down my back, wormed around my calves.

"Range, fourteen-fifty!"

We were pulling away. A rip tide flowing through Luzon Channel bullied *Batfish*, shoved her around, and I braced myself against the periscope column. Close by the helmsman swore softly, fighting to keep the ship on course.

"Put another man on the wheel," I ordered. "Flood after tubes!"

"After tubes flooded, sir."

"Range, fourteen-seventy-five!"

"Ease your rudder, ease it!" I said.

Softly, softly, catchee monkey. But if the tide was giving *Batfish* this much trouble, what would it do to our fish?

"Open outer doors aft!" I said.

"Outer door opened, sir."

"Range, fifteen hundred!" radar reported.

Now or never. I gave the command.

"Fire torpedoes!"

Three fish shot away on an 80-degree starboard track. I watched the clock. With almost double the range of the previous target, they would have that much farther to go before we knew anything. The hand made one dragging circuit of the clock face—

"Captain, he's spotted us!" the APR man shouted.

"Target is speeding up to sixteen—to eighteen knots!" radar yelled. "He's changing course!"

"Up 'scope!" I said. I rode it up and saw, as it broke water, the Jap submarine, another RO, throwing up a high white wake as she swung toward us.

Eighty seconds, eighty-five, ninety...

Suddenly where the sub had been, a huge yellow and orange flower of flame blossomed and hung for a moment over the black sea. Then there was nothing to see—nothing at all but roiled water.

"Did we get him, skipper?" Sprinkle yelled. "Did we get him?"

"We got him," I said softly.

Batfish, running silent for more than a half hour, was loud with cheers. If there had been room in the conn they would have hoisted me to their shoulders—if they had had the strength. I did not join in the celebration. The taste in my mouth was bitter. Poor bastards, I thought. And there, but for the grace of God...

The second and third fish ran true, but target had sunk so fast there was nothing for them to hit. *Batfish* surfaced to look



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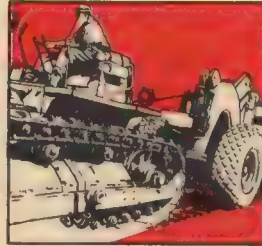
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for survivors and remained till well after dawn. We found bits of paper and wood in the huge puddle of oil. No survivors.

Finally at 0620, as we were getting increasingly apprehensive about enemy aircraft, a crewman fished an oily box out of the sea. In it were navigation instruments and the navigator's log. Target had been the RO-113 (sister ship to the sub we had exploded 31 hours before). The log was in code but easily deciphered: The Jap had gone from Nagoya to Formosa before he headed down toward Luzon for his appointment with us.

That was all we had. We never did get our Nip submariner. The men drew lots for souvenirs from the box.

But in slightly more than three days *Batfish* had sunk three Japanese subs, a record in undersea warfare.

At 1400, 3 March, 1945, *Batfish* pulled

into Pearl . . . the Navy band on the dock playing *Anchors Aweigh*, the truckload of fresh fruit waiting, and the sacks and sacks of mail.

Word of our exploit had gone through the fleet. As I recall, the submarine that had relieved us on station was a little reluctant to come in until I reported we were well clear. ●

Rear Admiral John K. Fyfe was awarded the Navy Cross for his part in the action he describes above. His ship received the Presidential Unit Citation for this, her sixth war patrol, in which she achieved "a unique record in submarine warfare and contributed significantly to the successful completion of the war."

Then a commander, "Jake" Fyfe of

Seneca Falls, New York, was just 30 years old at the time of the patrol. His premonition, incidentally, was correct: This was his last patrol with *Batfish*.

Voluntarily retired as a rear admiral in 1957, Fyfe now lives with his family in Virginia Beach, Virginia, and is working for a civilian firm as systems engineer in the submarine Polaris missile program. His son, John K. Fyfe, Jr., is a plebe at the Naval Academy.

"As far as *Batfish* is concerned," Admiral Fyfe says, "I was just the skipper. But I was shipmates with the finest bunch of men I have ever known. Any successes the ship had were due to the splendid spirit, competence and co-operation of all hands. I am prouder of the Presidential Unit Citation than I am of the Navy Cross."



TRUMAN WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SLAMMED MARINES

Continued from page 12

advocates of the Corps—and since they're less than 15 per cent of the population there is no cause for anyone else to feel inferior—claim this cherished maxim was coined by a British "Admiral of the blue." Perhaps it was the Old Grog himself, Edward Vernon, who watered the seamen's rum, lent his name to George Washington's estate, and was cashiered in 1746 for writing pamphlets attacking the Admiralty.

The modern, authorized Marine version of Admiral Vernon's maxim sounds like this: When I hear a dubious story, I call my marine orderly and have him listen to it. If he believes it I do, because you just can't bluff marines; they've been everywhere and seen everything.

But the current version really twists the original. In 1823, Lord Byron quoted from an old saying: "That will do for the marines, but the sailors won't believe it."

How the meaning became reversed has not been disclosed by scholars, and that leaves a free gangway for conjecture. Let's suppose that 200 years ago marines—landsmen and soldiers but certainly not true seamen—were indeed gullible, that they believed all the stories they heard. Then, after repeating the more fantastic tales, improving on them, and inventing whoppers of their own, they came to believe what they said. Thus, they learned the art of propaganda. This supposition will seem more plausible as we probe the history of U. S. Marines.

First, we should examine the claims marines have filed, work back and forth in history searching the records to determine if they hold a clear title, and then discover how the Corps got wise to the value of publicity, advertising, public relations, or propaganda—name it as you will. That should enable us to pose the crucial question.

Since 1921, marines nearly everywhere have held an annual birthday ball. On that day an inspiring order is published to all hands. The most recent version begins: "On 10 November 1775, a corps of Marines was created by a resolution of the Continental Congress. It is fitting that we who are Marines today should commemorate the birthday of our Corps by calling to mind the glories of its long and illustrious history." Curiously, the words *corps* and *created* are pure fiction.

Congress actually said: "Resolved, That two battalions of marines be raised, and that particular care be taken that no persons be appointed but such as are so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve to advantage by sea when required."

Since those two battalions were never raised, nothing was created. The Congress did order General Washington to donate soldiers for them, but he refused, saying his army was too small already, that the loss of any troops would disrupt what units he did have. Instead of being recruited for two battalions, marines were enlisted for ships' detachments by authority of an earlier resolution which enabled manning the Continental Navy.

Then in 1776, after Maj. Samuel Nicholas had raised three companies for three frigates being fitted out, it was decided to man those with Pennsylvania marines. In turn, Nicholas and his battalion were inducted by the Army "until the men's time and enlistments would expire." That is the basis for the Corps' claim to a ribbon for the Battle of Trenton.

After the Revolution, our Navy (including its marines) was disbanded. Not until July 11, 1798, was there authority to raise and organize a "Corps of Marines in addition to the military establish-

ment." Its only major was paid \$50 a month and its privates \$6, but there was an enticement for the ratings: "They are hereby exempted, during the term of service, from all personal arrests for any debt or contract." Possibly that established a tradition for fleecing innocent credit jewelers, a nefarious custom that persists today.

But even if in 1775 a *Corps* were authorized and if two battalions had been created and if the Navy had not been out of existence those 15 years, a flaw would remain in the Marine claim: How can a son be older than his father? The United States was not born until June 21, 1788, when New Hampshire became the ninth state to ratify the Constitution, or until April 23, 1789, when George Washington was inaugurated. Make your choice.

Our senior service, if we grant justice to a gallant, battling featherweight, is the Coast Guard, founded as the Revenue-Marine on August 4, 1790, and existing continually since (although its legal name has been changed a few times and it has undergone some mergers on the way). Federal law specifically names the Coast Guard as an armed force, a military service, yet in peacetime it is owned by the Treasury Department.

Of course, the War Department, now Department of the Army, was founded August 7, 1789, which makes it seem a year older—but at that time we didn't have any more Army than Navy. For instance, in 1793 when President Washington faced the Whiskey Rebellion, he had to request Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland, and Pennsylvania troops to clamp down.

Yet, since their birth, the Coast Guard's four younger brothers—Army, Navy, Marine, and Air—have displayed what psychologists term "sibling rivalry," or, in less elegant words: "I got mine, Mac, how'd you do?" Winning seniority by distorting history is a favorite American military indoor sport.

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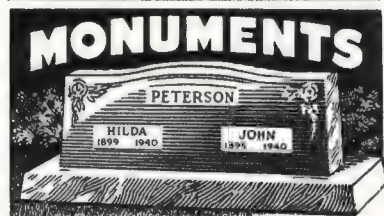
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its 50th birthday, and marked its advent in the creation of an Aeronautical Division, Army Signal Corps, August 1, 1907.

Thus, both Marines and Air Force proudly claim the title of *bastard*, which limits their popularity at family reunions.

And thus the outnumbered Hooligan Navy, the Coast Guard, unsung heroes every day, peace or war, are victims of fraternal jealousy. In 1948 the Armed Forces Personnel Policy Board met to decide who would march where in parades. A lone Coast Guard officer, armed only with the U. S. Code, came to prove beyond doubt his outfit was a legitimate member of the family. His opponents were a wing of Air Force brass and a flight of distinguished civilian lawyers. The board was cowardly: It decided that in wartime, after the Coast Guard through presidential order has been inducted by the Navy, its troops may march ahead; but in peacetime they must trail the Air Force.

Having checked the birth certificates of all five brothers, let's get back to one. That self-laudatory Marine birthday order next says: "From the fighting tops of the *Bon Homme Richard* to the mountains and skies of Korea, men of the Corps have repeatedly confirmed in battle their unsurpassed reputation as fighting men." The beginning of that statement is romantic fiction.

You know the story: John Paul Jones fought the *Bon Homme Richard* against the *Serapis* within sight of the English coast on September 23, 1779, and gave us those immortal words (questioned by modern historians) "I have not yet begun to fight." In muzzle-to-muzzle action he captured the *Serapis*, boarded her, and transferred his own crew before the *Richard* sank. Paul Jones made naval tradition.

Naturally, as members of the naval service, Marines wished to share that tradition and so this is what the official Marine Corps *History* says: "The Marine detachment consisted of 3 officers—Lieutenants Edward Stack, Eugene MacCarthy, and James J. O'Kelly—and 137 marines, many of whom were French citizens."

But the official historians should have known that Paul Jones lost command of the *Ranger*, with all her American crew, and waited around the French harbor of L'Orient for nearly a year begging for another ship. Finally he was given the merchantman *Duc de Duras*, which he fitted out as the *Richard*. He assembled a crew from dockside vagrants and escaped prisoners, but he also had authority from the king to sign on French volunteers. Now comes the payoff brought to light by a Harvard professor, Samuel Eliot Morison, in 1960:

Lieutenant MacCarthy and sub-Lieutenants O'Kelly and Stack, were volunteers from an *Irish* regiment of marine artillery serving in the *French* army. Two French lieutenant colonels, de Varville and Wybert, went aboard and must have done something in the battle, though records are scanty. Capt. Alexander Dick, American Continental Army, was signed on for liaison with the troops. Finally the 137 "marine soldiers" that fought

for Jones were all *French*, wearing their own uniform of red coats, not the American regulation green.

Of course, there were press gangs in those days, and also wandering soldiers of fortune, hence it is nearly possible there might have been a stray American colonist among the 142, more or less, marines in the *Bon Homme Richard*. But why should U. S. Marines, not yet conceived by an unborn father, stake out a claim for the gallantry of foreigners?

Now let's shift from the Birthday Order to the *Marine Corps Hymn*: "From the Halls of Montezuma, to the Shores of Tripoli."

Tripoli came first. Lieut. Presley O'Bannon in 1804 did lead an expeditionary force on a difficult overland march to Derne and seize the harbor fort. He did raise the Stars and Stripes there, the first time in Africa, and did receive a "Mameluke sword" which became a pattern for the one Marine officers wear today. Yet, O'Bannon, under the command of William Eaton, then of the diplomatic service but a former captain in the U. S. Army, had with him just one marine sergeant and six privates, two of whom were killed. The battle formation otherwise consisted of 24 cannoners and 36 infantrymen, all *Greek*, supported by 90 *Arab* cavalymen. Marines, or even Americans, were but five per cent of the force. That Tripoli claim is tenuous.

Then, in 1847, came the Halls of Montezuma. Marine Col. Samuel Watson gathered a skeleton regiment of untrained recruits, hoping to flesh it out from Navy ships, landed it at Veracruz, formed it as a battalion, and did march to Mexico City. But first the marines were brigaded with the Second Pennsylvania Volunteers and reported to Army Brigadier Franklin Pierce, later President. His outfit in turn was part of the Fourth Division under Maj. Gen. John Quitman, later governor of Mississippi. Still Gen. Winfield Scott's army included another combat division led by Gideon Pillow.

At the battle of Chapultepec, Scott had about 7,200 effectives. The heroic Marine Company C numbered seven officers and 36 enlisted men. While the official history conveniently omits the strength of the whole Marine battalion, it was certainly less than 200. Of course Maj. Levi Twiggs, second in Marine command, died gallantly at Chapultepec, and American troops, holding seven to one odds, did finally win the battle, yet the world's most glorious soldiers that day were 100 Mexican boy-cadets, *Los Niños*, who all died fighting. Marines were less than three per cent of the force, and so that claim is also tenuous.

But they did get to the Halls of Montezuma. After Mexico City was taken, marines cleared the National Palace of looting beggars and then posted sentries around it.

The *Marine Hymn* concludes: "We are proud to claim the title." For years Marines have sung the word *bear* instead of *claim*, yet now we find the latter word

is more accurate grammatically and historically.

In fact, neither the hymn nor the Birthday Order is based on valid claims to any extraordinary title between 1798 and 1918. During that whole period marines served in naval vessels, as the law provided, and walked posts at naval stations. Naturally there were spectacular feats among the seagoing detachments—but no more than we might expect from any normal group of Americans—and usually ashore there were more sailors fighting than there were marines.

Actually, until June 1918, the Marine Corps was a tinhorn outfit. Marines fought in the Seminole War, Boxer Rebellion, Philippine Insurrection, Cuban Pacification, and Mexican Intervention with soldiers right beside them. They fought in the Civil War and quenched "brush fires" in Nicaragua, Haiti, and Santo Domingo, with sailors right beside them. While they gained experience in bushwhacking, they were always damned in our newspapers by liberal congressmen and virtuous diplomats.

Their finest sales force was the Marine Band, the "President's Own," holed up in Washington since about 1803, scarcely one member of which to this day has risked his life beyond tooting a cornet or stroking a harp.

It was at Belleau Wood, rechristened by the French "*Bois de la Brigade de Marine*," that the Corps won international fame—and learned the manly art of publicity. For reasons soon apparent, let's join Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, commanded by Maj. Frederick Wise.

In April 1917, at Philadelphia and four months away from a banana war in Santo Domingo, Fritz Wise learned he would take a battalion to France. One-fifth of his outfit were old-timers and the rest boots who "came from universities and clubs, from factories and farms, from garages and shops. Every phase of American life was represented, and all of the best." Two weeks after it was up to strength, the battalion sailed. After landing it became part of the First U. S. Division, but then it was pushed around in reorganizations, and trained by French instructors, until it joined the Second U. S. Division.

Here is the Second Division's order of battle:

- 3d Infantry Brigade
- 9th Infantry
- 23d Infantry
- 4th Marine Brigade
- 5th Marines
- 6th Marines
- 2d Field Artillery Brigade
- 12th Field Artillery
- 15th Field Artillery
- 17th Field Artillery
- 2d Combat Engineers

The Ninth Infantry had marched to relieve Peking, 23d Infantry had stood at Manila's walls when the city surrendered, and Second Engineers would prove themselves real fighting troops. While the division was listed as "regular" until forbidden by Gen. John Pershing, it was mainly composed of recruits, and most of them were from New York or

Pennsylvania. When it fought in the Château-Thierry sector, which included Belleau Wood, the Second U. S. Division had 20,000 doughboys and 8,000 marines.

By order of President Woodrow Wilson, the implementing law having been on the books since about 1836, these marines had been inducted by the Army for service overseas and were governed by Army instead of Navy regulations. The higher brass shifted among commands regardless of whether an officer wore a forest green or an olive drab uniform.

Marine Brigadier Charles Doyen commanded Fourth Brigade in a defensive sector early in 1918, but he was given a medical survey. Army Brigadier James Harbord then took over. Harbord cast reflections on Doyen when he said, "I busied myself for several days learning the sector, letting the men see a star in the front line, which I understand they had not seen before."

Meanwhile his two regimental commanders, Albertus Catlin and Wendell Neville, took him in hand. Both were regular colonels who had won the Medal of Honor (at Veracruz). Harbord was a "Mex rank" brigadier recently promoted to regular lieutenant colonel who had never commanded more than a peacetime squadron (battalion) of cavalry. He had just left as Pershing's chief of staff. Naturally he listened—as any bright new lieutenant would listen to a veteran sergeant.

Colonel Neville told Brigadier Harbord that the Marine motto was *semper fidelis* (always faithful) but didn't tell him this was something new, that *per mare et terram* (by land and sea) of the Royal Marines had been used more than 100 years. Harbord became the second best publicity agent U. S. Marines ever had.

March 21, 1918, the Germans launched a do-or-die offensive. May 27, they carried Chemin des Dames in a dawn rush, crossed the Aisne on bridges the French didn't wait to destroy, and by evening were across the Vesle. In three days they moved 30 miles, took 60,000 prisoners, captured 650 guns, and had their quartermasters busy inventorying Allied supply depots, ammunition dumps, rolling stock, and airdromes. By May 30, Germans held the heights on the north bank of the Marne and were outposting the far side. A million people had left Paris within the week. The French government was moving to Bordeaux. This was it.

Advancing to contact, with the whole French army knowing their orders but keeping them secret, Second U.S. Division moved up. Hordes of civilian refugees with ox-carts, horse-drawn wagons, and baby-carriages jammed the roads. But the Americans got into position and started digging foxholes. Retreating French troops came filtering through, even the vaunted Senegalese were moving to the rear.

One French officer came by automobile to Fritz Wise and ordered him to withdraw. Fritz said, "Retreat hell, we just got here." That declaration compares with "We have not yet begun to fight," and may be just as questionable. Official history refuses to credit it to any par-

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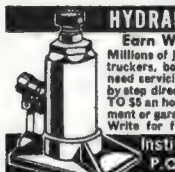
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ticular marine, but Fritz Wise got his battalion into position first, claimed he made it, and was never judged a braggart (among marines).

Anyway Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, stopped the Germans at the nearest point they came to Paris. After three nights in foxholes, it was relieved by French troops and shifted to the left behind the other two battalions of its regiment about to attack Belleau Wood. That battle lasted three weeks, and important writings about it fill three shelves. The Marine Brigade had 50 per cent casualties, but now listen to Army Brigadier Harbord:

"Such losses in percentages equal those of Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and are greater than the Prussian Guards endured at St. Privat in the War of 1870." Unfortunately this emphasis on casualties, the core of hostile Marine publicity in World War II, is a two-edged blade.

Enthusiastic about his Marine brigade, Harbord wrote in his war diary: "It was the first to stand, and it is still standing except where it has moved forward and pushed the enemy back. Frenchmen say this stand marks one of the great crises of history. It has given their High Command a confidence in American troops that will contribute powerfully to early establishment of an American sector where our troops shall no longer be step-mothered by French or British."

Harbord moved up to command the Second U.S. Division and led it, too, in combat. Like a fond mother he seemed equally proud of both his twins and never willing to admit one was superior to the other. Yet without disparaging his gallant infantry, he always publicized his marines. Perhaps he wanted to bask in the reflected glory of a rather unique outfit. (One quirk he did exhibit was wearing a French officer's ornate helmet.)

Curiously, Harbord was not loathe to admit other troops were superior to his own. He said: "The Moroccans are the best shock and assault troops in France, reserved always for work requiring dash and desperate bravery, and were evidently in this fight not only for their own fine qualities, but to set the pace for the amusing but unprofessional Americans, of whom some French staff officers are still apparently doubtful. The Moroccans are North African Moslems with white officers."

Then it was Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent and later radio newsmen of his era, who became the Marines' foremost publicity agent. On D-day at Belleau Wood, while Fritz Wise's battalion waited in support, newsmen Gibbons went forward with Maj. Ben Berry to watch his Marine battalion attack through a wheat field. There was not adequate reconnaissance and Brigadier Harbord described it "a costly failure bravely attempted."

But like good reporters everywhere, such as one on a "death watch" who writes in advance everything but the time, and then flashes a bulletin when the great man dies, Gibbons filed with Paris an outline story he intended to flesh-in later. His imagination took hold.

Even after it had been fully edited,

when Gibbons broadcast the story years later it was sheer poetry. He decided ahead of time on the outcome of the battle and composed his drama for the censors. One boot private asked another, "What windage you using, Mac?" A gunnery sergeant brought the reluctant from their foxholes with, "Come on you sons-of-bitches, d'you want to live forever?" Or as Fritz Wise later put it, taking credit for his own battalion, "You've lived long enough."

Then Gibbons lost the chance to flesh-in his story. A slug from nowhere took out his left eye, and for years afterward he wore a patch and continued romancing, continued talking himself into it.

Gibbons didn't see sweating riflemen burying themselves behind charred stumps and giant boulders, some as large as a freight car. He didn't see the rings of dead around German machine guns, nor smell them a few days later. He didn't see the chain gangs of mustard-gassed troops, hand on shoulder, one man who was left with a bit of vision heading the line, worming their way to the aid stations. Nor did he see the torsos in trees or fragments of bodies that littered the battlefield, and ripened for a month.

Floyd Gibbons, master of vivid language, romantic to the last, was carried to the rear. Neither his body nor that of Ben Berry had been reported at a dressing station, and so the Paris censors, newsmen in uniform themselves, decided to pay final tribute to their buddy who had "gone West." Even today with IBM records equipment news is slow. In 1918 we had a first sergeant with his notebook who sent reports, when he got around to it, by runners, when they were available, who often didn't make it. And so the Paris censors cleared Gibbons' story.

That story made the Marine Corps. American military staffmen, as they well had to, conformed with the French-British regulations: It was quite lawful to mention *infantry*, *artillery*, or *engineers* so long as the identity of a unit was not revealed. Gibbons wrote about *marines*. There was just one marine outfit in France and the stateside public knew about it and knew its senior officers, certainly folks in Philadelphia did.

This gave no credit to the veteran First U.S. Division (Army), which had drawn blood long before. As Brigadier Harbord said: "From the attack that afternoon much publicity resulted. The Marines have been taunted with having thought that they had won the war, and there have been some unkind and unjust comments from Army officers of high enough rank to be above such pettiness."

Jealousy has since prevailed, except in Second Infantry Division. Douglas MacArthur tried to abolish the Corps in 1931. During and after World War II, George Marshall, later backed by Dwight Eisenhower, tried to reduce it to a ceremonial regiment.

Yet in 1920 Maj. Gen. Commandant John Lejeune, our most dedicated marine, who followed Harbord to command Second U.S. Division, took the Corps' helm. Based on Gibbons-written fame and his own superb judgment, he made

the Marines you know today. In the post-war letdown he discerned two vital tasks: To drive for "the finest military education in the world," and to build outstanding *esprit de corps*, superior to the most glorious British regiment or the Royal Marines themselves. Lejeune published the first Birthday Order.

Then in 1924 Playwright Maxwell Anderson and Capt. Laurence Stallings, who after two years in the hospital was retired for wounds received at Belleau Wood, published *What Price Glory?* This was the most popular war play for a decade, and of course Hollywood used it in a film. While it was a bitter diatribe on the futility of war, it did enhance the reputation of marines.

By 1934 Capt. John Thomason had published four books: *Fix Bayonets, Red Pants, Marines and Others, Salt Winds and Gobi Dust*. These were illustrated with Thomason's inimitable drawings and had a large circulation. He continued to write about marines until he died in 1944.

Meanwhile in the late 1930s Brigadier Robert Denig convinced Commandant Thomas Holcomb that good publicity was marine lifeblood. In World War II he had a legion of combat reporters and photographers in uniform to keep the news flowing, and even today their association holds an annual convention. Denig also insured that war correspondents were made welcome in all Marine units. This reached the point where Maj. Eugene Lewis, armor, chided that a Marine squad consisted of one corporal, six privates, and a newsman. More seriously, it induced Navy Secretary James Forrestal to scatter newsmen throughout the Pacific Fleet by 1944.

When III Marine Amphibious Corps and XXIV Army Corps landed abreast in Tenth Army at Okinawa on Easter Sunday and April Fools' Day 1945, an Army staff officer thought it would be the right time to get their measure. But the Marines met barely any resistance and the army met light resistance until they both had to face south and team-up in a three-month battle. By then the whole army was too busy to keep score, were it feasible. Okinawa merely demonstrated that no two units, be they squads or armies, meet identical problems—and if they did they would find different solutions, because no two leaders think alike.

For centuries professional soldiers have maintained that there are no poor regiments, only poor colonels. Hence our best rating of battle performance should come from the troop leader himself, although his influence on the outfit is so great he is certain to be prejudiced. Finding one commander who led both a Marine and an Army unit in situations roughly the same, we may put the question to him. For that we return to Fritz Wise.

We might also learn how he compares the professional soldier with the conscript, well knowing that historians have claimed superiority of the professional for at least 100 years. Fritz Wise should be expected to favor the professional because he was one himself, as were his

father, grandfather, and great grandfather.

After Belleau Wood, Fritz Wise was promoted and took command of 59th Infantry, Fourth U.S. Division. Colonel Wise led this regiment at St. Mihiel, in the Argonne, and after the Armistice up into Germany. But let's emphasize St. Mihiel: "At regimental headquarters I learned that the outfit had been badly shot up on the Vesle and was full of replacements. Besides Lieutenant Colonel Max Garber and myself there were five officers who had seen more than one year of military service. We went around that night to the different battalions. They looked very good to me. If I had felt any uneasiness before, that visit dispelled it."

Within 48 hours he took 59th Infantry into a so-called quiet part of the Montgirmont-Les Eparges sector and relieved a French unit. A week later, on the flank of a successful penetration, with fine troop leading and skillful coordination of French artillery, his regiment advanced three miles and captured three towns.

Having pulled back from St. Mihiel and while he surveyed the Argonne Forest, Fritz said: "My new regiment I hardly knew. But the little I had seen of them showed me they would obey orders and fight. I was certain that we had a brilliant future ahead. By now I couldn't see any difference between them and the Marines. I realized that we all were Americans. And the last two weeks had taught me something I hadn't learned in twenty-one years with the Marines. I knew now that the civilian soldier can make good."

Leaving the Argonne, he decided that fighting had been more desperate than Belleau Wood and noted the Seventh Infantry Brigade set the record for the longest time an American brigade had spent fighting in the front lines. He also got better acquainted with the men around him.

At his PC were a French Canadian trumpet player, a Wyoming cowboy, a Greek restaurant proprietor from Denver, a court stenographer from Rochester, a mechanic from Detroit, and an Iowa farm boy. The latter, five feet tall, had been rejected for enlistment, then drafted. Fritz said:

"Smeared with mud from tin hats to shoes. Bushy, bristling beards on every face, and full of mud, too. The same red-rimmed, burnt-out eyes I had seen come out of the Bois de Belleau. The only thing clean about them was their rifles.

"But, just as I had seen what was left of my battalion of the Fifth Marines come out of the Bois de Belleau, physically exhausted but still full of fighting spirit, these men, too, were ready to do anything you asked of them."

Late in 1925 Colonel Wise had a platoon-size Navy Yard guard at Portsmouth. He figured the Corps was getting soft when a sergeant reported a field musician for calling him a sonofabitch, instead of taking the lad behind the barracks. This new generation seemed different from the old-timers, nearly all of whom were gone. Then Fritz realized he was getting soft.



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He thought of the Argonne: "Most of them had been in the Army only a few months. Yet they had done everything I could have expected of Marine veterans. When this new crowd's time comes, they will do as well as those recruits in the Argonne. I am out of gait with them. I'm just an old cripple trying to hang on."

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Now let's brush off the final question: Ballyhoo, publicity, drums and trumpets, waving the flag. Harry Truman was

really complimentary when he said the Marines have "a publicity machine almost equal to Stalin's." When impartial observers say nice things about you it is good joss to accept their praise and not question its accuracy.

Legend or tradition, without regard for its ultimate truth—and so long as it conforms to our ideals—heightens our will-to-win. Rugged competition gives each of us a higher aiming point. George Washington didn't hack a cherry tree, and there is no Santa Claus. Yet fables teach lessons to children, and to Marine boots. If Marine propaganda thus enhances our national welfare, we have no reason to suppress it.

The vital question is for Marine old-timers: Look, Mac, you don't believe those fables do you? (That would be a paranoid delusion, most unhealthy.) •



HE'S THE BARER OF GOOD NUDES

Continued from page 47

somebody's yacht—the whole crowd. I spend there eight days—inhaling. There was no posing, but many opportunity for observation. She is very lively, very fun-loving, and, like all movie star, spoiled. When she leave for Paris, she ask if I like to go, but I had already so many addresses on Riviera I stay on two months."

Sepy met Anita Ekberg, whose statuette is perhaps the best known he has done to date, at a Los Angeles art gallery exhibit of primitives, when she was herself unknown.

"It was my luck I speak Swedish," Sepy remembers. "I take her to Joe Pasternak and that is how she get start. We have big romance and fly to Las Vegas to be marry. But we have big explosion—who knows why?—and that is finish."

Sepy had his photographic studies as well as his memories. Up to that time, he had worked in iron and wood, but thought an experiment in melting gold on bronze would be interesting. A national magazine evidently thought so, too. Three months later when his 35-inch high, 40-pound Ekberg was completed, the publication offered him a prince's ransom for publication rights. Sepy accepted. ("I was not being ungentlemanly," he says. "Her press agent and manager said OK.")

Time passed. Anita married rugged actor Anthony Steele. And, as bad luck would have it, the three found themselves at the same charity banquet at the Palm Beach Towers Hotel. With 1,500 ticket-holders in attendance, Tony and Sepy might have crossed neither paths nor swords had it not been for a swash-buckling joker named Errol Flynn.

Flynn was never one to avoid a fight—particularly if it was between his friends. He had given Steele his first movie break. He knew the history of the Ekberg de Milo. He assumed there was bad blood

between the two men, and set about insuring that some of it would be spilled.

"I say, Tony," he said, thumping Steele on the back at the bar. "There's a guy here who went with your wife."

"Who?"

"That Hungarian sculptor fella, Sepy Dobronyi."

Flynn then sauntered to Sepy's table to report, "There's a guy here says all Hungarians are dirty words." Then back to Steele: "The Hungarian says if he knew which one you were, he'd punch you in the nose. Make goulash out of you." On to Sepy with, "He says he could eat you for breakfast—but he may not wait that long."

He didn't. And, next day's newspapers reported, in enthusiastic detail, that Steele, with an assist from the fair Anita wielding a pair of evening shoes, had soundly trounced the boulder from Budapest. It was only natural that the Steeles should get the newspaper decision. Since Sepy and Errol were out on somebody's yacht for the day, all blow-by-blow reports of the encounter had come from Anita's side of the ring.

Sepy's account of the proceedings ("something I rather forget") is somewhat different but equally colorful. It is now, for the first time, recorded—with apologies to Nat Fleischer—for boxing historians and posterity.

"I was sitting at table with nice respectable people when Steele came to give his opinion of Hungarians. But very noisily. I ask him to come outside, so not embarrass my friends. I tell you—I was jolly good sport really. When I go to party, I have two drinks, maybe three if it is long night. I am the one who delivers everybody."

"Steele was so drunk I could destroy him. He start to scream at me—probably

best acting performance of his life. He was worry about his profile. He says, "Throw away that glass. You might to cut me." Then he charge me like bull, only I side step and he falls down. Anita comes running and hit me on skull with evening bag. It was not shoes, like newspaper says, but, you know, ladies carry a lot of things in their bags; I find out then. People start to crowd around, and I see Errol getting the photographers together, so I left."

But friend Errol's impulsive schemes have worked to Sepy's advantage, too. Flynn commissioned Sepy to decorate his house, then under construction in Jamaica. Antiques and pieces of native art by the dozen had been assembled, but the question of what the piece de resistance for a little alcove in the living room was to be had not yet been decided.

"Hey, Zep," Flynn exclaimed, looking up from the platter of island food before him at their favorite restaurant, La Bodeguita del Medio. "Why don't you make a gold statuette of Woodsy?"

"So wonderful," Sepy smiled. Leaving their lunch, they climbed into Sepy's white convertible and headed for the hotel-room of Beverly "Woodsy" Aaland, Errol's protégée, then appearing in *Cuban Rebel Girl* with him. She looked up from the book she was reading and smiled a greeting. Stretching lazily, she started to rise.

"Hold it," Flynn commanded. "Sepy, get her just the way she was when we came in. That was very graceful, just what I want."

Errol, says Sepy, was very creative. By the time Sepy had shot the first roll of film, Errol had decided that this lovely "Reclining Nude" (Havana is quite tropical, and, anyway, that just happens to be the way Woodsy best exposes herself to literature) would be displayed to best advantage if set, not directly on a base, but rather hovering over it. He'd even figured out how—by means of two four-inch gold pins fitted into holes bored into the torso. Even while creating he could be helpful, however. Since there was no ladder present, he volunteered his shoulders so that Sepy, clicking away a total of five rolls in all, could get the essential "above" angles.

"I started on the statuette after the movie was finish shooting," Sepy recalls. "Always it takes me three months. I cannot take the brilliant white light from blowtorch more than three hours a day. I melt and shape bronze rods for frame at 1,800 degrees. I wear goggles. Then I melt fifteen, maybe twenty, gold doubloons. Each is worth \$80 to \$90, so the gold alone is worth \$1,500. Gold fuses into bronze with very handsome effect I discover while work in jewelry."

Flynn did not live to see the finished product. Sepy did not like to do it, but he filed suit against the estate for \$5,000, the agreed figure. "But," he reflects, "maybe one day Woodsy get married and I can give to her for wedding present."

Sepy left Havana and Cuba with regret in late '59. "But," he says ruefully, "the spirit is gone now." For a dozen years, he had been the town's unofficial

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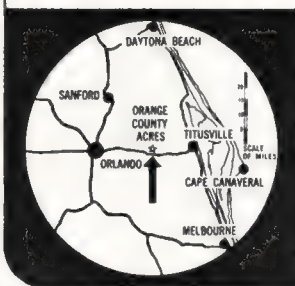


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mayor. It had been accidental, his taking up Cuban citizenship.

Sepy, a lieutenant in the *Magyar Kiralyi Lagiarok*, Royal Hungarian Air Force, had seen the hated Germans retreat only to see the despised Russians advance. When the government capitulated to the Reds, Sepy slid into a light plane, flew it to Budapest, and landed on a city street. He set fire to it, and was pondering his next move when Russian troops entered the city and rounded up all able-bodied men.

Sepy, along with 1,200 others, was penned in a temporary "prison," a schoolhouse. Since there were only 12 guards, Sepy concluded that escape should not be too difficult. That night, he organized one. The Hungarians rushed their captors, and by morning, in civvies, Sepy was on the first leg of a cross-continental hike that was to take him across nine borders without documents, and last six months before he rowed the last leg in a "borrowed" skiff, across the straits from Denmark to Sweden. ("It was only five miles across the water, but because of current, I row twenty-five. I found out later I land on last point of Sweden before open water. If I miss that—next stop United States.")

There followed a year and a half in Sweden, full of gaiety and, naturally, many young ladies. Sepy might be in Stockholm still had it not been for the fact that one of the young ladies was a lady of the court. After a six-month idyll involving romantic trysts in one of the royal Rolls Royces ("very nice," says Sepy, "no license plates in front or back—just royal crest"), Sepy was confronted one day by no less a personage than his majesty himself. Their chat went something like this:

HIS MAJESTY: "Sepy, I understand South America offers many opportunities for a young man who wants to get ahead nowadays."

SEPY: "I hear that is so, Your Majesty. Personally, I can't think of any country more pleasant than yours, however. And I believe I am getting ahead very well."

HIS MAJESTY: (He does not have a cold, but clears his throat several times).

SEPY: "Oh, I see what you mean, Your Majesty. I'll check plane departures first thing tomorrow."

That, then, was how Sepy left Sweden. How he got to Cuba when Venezuela was his destination is another story, also typically Dobronyi. When the plane stopped to unload in Havana, a beautiful passenger debarked. Sepy followed. Instead of the scheduled half-hour, he stayed 12 years.

In Hungary, the Dobronyis had been *Korona Or*, guardians of the crown jewels. ("There is a rumor," Sepy recounts cheerfully, "that my grandfather Franc was only man who stole a big ruby from belly-button of a visiting oriental princess. He is so pleased with himself he makes ring to give to a lady of the court, a Countess Bathory. Then the scandal begins!")

Sepy had inherited a certain amount of natural talent with metal-working and had studied further in Sweden. There he had made quite a name for himself when Count Bernadotte ordered a Dobronyi-

crafted royal peacock studded with emeralds and rubies as a gift for Queen Elizabeth's coronation.

Now, in the workshop he set up in Havana, his one-of-a-kind pieces quickly attracted attention. And interest quickened and patronage rapidly increased when the word got around that browsers' thirsts were assuaged with well-chilled, vintage champagnes. Hollywood holiday-makers—people like Joan Crawford, Walter Pidgeon, Mickey Rooney, Joe Pasternak, and the Groucho Marxes—found Sepy colorful.

There are no bigger name-droppers than Names themselves, so the fact that Mrs. Ernest Hemingway wore an eye-stopping, shell-studded, gold-mesh fishnet necklace of Dobronyi design impressed them no end. Soon they, too, sported Sepy's conversation-pieces.

For special friends, Sepy, no man to keep office hours, hired a street band when he stopped at a red light en route to meet them at the airport. The band, ensconced on the back seat of his top-down convertible, serenaded the new arrivals all the way to their hotel.

Soon, as director-general of the Cuban Art Center that he had established so successfully, Sepy, by then Cuban culture's leading light, was smiling out from full-page advertisements for its leading rum—with, naturally, a statue of Venus de Milo beside him. He even starred as a hunter stalking crocodiles with bow and arrow in a short feature movie about the Isle of Pines produced to encourage tourism. ("A Cuban friend of mine caught the crocodile and tie up in his back yard for a week without food," Sepy, no phony hero, grins. "By time I chase him, he is too weak to run very fast. Of course," he adds, "that all right for publicity, but it wouldn't be sporting to take advantage. So we didn't kill him. I aim under him, and then camera pans away.")

But it is as movie production manager and trouble-shooter for Exploit Films' *Cuban Rebel Girl* (starring friends Errol and Beverly) that Sepy's claim to cinema fame rests secure. It is there, too, that a chief reason for his exit from Cuba may be found.

Choosing Sepy as production manager made sense. He knew his way around Cuba. He knew all the short cuts that meant production economy. Characteristically, nonconformist Sepy ignored the need for production license and work permits for foreign actors.

"There is," he explains, "too much red tape in Cuba for make movies. A thousand forms to fill out. Inspectors to watch each thing you do. Who has time to waste?"

Sepy, naturally, took the direct approach. Without fuss or publicity, the *Cuban Rebel Girl* company moved out into the hinterlands on location. When the basic scenes had been shot and a half-dozen tanks and 1,000 soldiers were needed for a battle scene, Sepy strolled into a provincial Army camp. "I making a movie with Errol Flynn," he said. "We need a bit of help."

"Oh," the commandante would say.

mucho impressed, "El señor Flynn. Sí, sí." The same afternoon, the movie's director was in command of a tank company and an infantry battalion, and all were maneuvering like crazy for the cameras.

"Sometimes," Sepy says, "we just need little thing. Not worth so much trouble—like maybe twenty rifles and six machine gun. Then one of the girls in the movie make friendship with captain and he lend her all guns we need."

If it had not been for an irate British production manager, filming *Our Man in Havana*, these words would be the first the Cuban government would know of Errol's exploit. But the Britisher, learning that the *Rebel Girl* crew was working on a national holiday, demanded to know why he could not. That was the week that a heavy fist pounded on the door of Flynn's hotel suite in Havana and imperiously demanded entrance: "It is the police! Open the door or we break it down!"

From Errol's point of view, the timing couldn't have been worse. A beautiful Cuban messenger had just brought him a precious but forbidden bottle. Thinking that the reason for the raid, he stepped to the terrace and tossed it into the garden below. Then, with great nonchalance, he opened the door, admitting a half-dozen fierce-looking, bearded tommy-gun-toting defenders of democracy, Castro-style.

"We take you to the police station!"

"Why? For what reason?"

"You don't ask such a question! We are in charge here."

"Where is your warrant?"

"We have none! We need none! Come—let us go!"

"All right," said Errol, rolling up his sleeves and assuming a warlike appearance. "I'll come. But not without a fight."

The police had evidently seen a lot of Errol Flynn movies. They became suddenly gentle. Their leader telephoned headquarters, and 15 minutes later their chief appeared, apologized to Flynn and politely explained that since he was making a movie without a license, he must appear to make a statement.

Flynn, relieved, agreed to go quietly. He coolly changed his clothes, told his secretary to phone all the wire services immediately to tell them he had been arrested and would be at the central station in 20 minutes. By the time the car pulled up, the entrance was swarming with photographers and reporters. Flynn loudly damned the "Gestapo tactics" and went in. In his statement, he pointed out that the star does not produce the picture, and, if there were any hassles, they should be with the producer—who, regrettably, was not in the country at the moment. He was quickly released.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel, Sepy, Woody, and Errol's secretary had gone into a strange barefoot dance in the garden below the Flynn terrace. While the detail of soldiers on guard above mumbled about the "loco Americanos," they sang nursery songs, did mambo steps, and finally somebody's toes located the

missing bottle in the unmowed grass. Then they returned to the suite in time to meet Errol and help him explain that the film already shot had somehow been lost and that, alas, they would have to begin shooting all over again.

It would have been lost—confiscated—if Sepy had not, acting purely on instinct, sent off on a plane to Miami just hours before the raid the 95 per cent of the film already in the can.

Exploit Films had an inspector on its back for the last five per cent. It was no longer possible to borrow the Army—but it was no longer necessary. Whenever a scene was to be shot that was plainly objectionable to the authorities, Flynn was used as a decoy. He and a camera crew would go down the road a piece and take all day to shoot a minor scene. Meanwhile, Sepy led a second crew to an isolated stream for such steaming sequences as, for example, Woody's birthday-suit bathing scene.

Sepy loves to tweak the tail of the lion of arrogant authority, but when it comes to real lions, his attitude is quite different. Sepy went on safari a few years ago for the same reason he tried sports-car racing—"just for experience of the danger."

The sports-car racing was in Cuba, around the island. Once Sepy's Porsche conked out with a bad fuel pump. ("But," says Sepy, "I have good time even though I lose. It was only for experience, so I make appointments with girl friends in different places along way. I bet I was happiest driver in race.")

Sepy's lion hunt was a classic.

"I meet Englishman I know from travels and he was going on safari to Sudan, and had extra weapons, so I decide to go with him. Tom and I tell each other what heroes we are with hunt—good stories, but I don't think he ever shoot anything in life and either do I.

"We are out ten days and come to village where they tell us lion is supposed to get killed because he stealing goats and all that jazz. We find where poor animal goes to drink, and we settle down on low branch of tree to wait.

"About dawn, along comes lion, and he is no baby. But wind is right and sun coming in right direction, and native on ground points and makes sign is time for shooting. My friend Tom says, 'What lovely trophy he make, Sepy. You shoot first.' He is very sporting chap, but I am, too, so I say, 'Really old chap, he's your lion. You shoot.' He says, 'no.' I say, 'no.' Native on ground looks nervous. Tom insists, so I agree.

"But I feel sorry for lion. He never did anything to me. He is so beautiful, so happy. So I blast trigger without really aim. Is only maybe 40 feet away to lion, but shot misses, kicks up sand in his face. Lion turns, looks our way, and I tell Tom is his turn. He shoots twice. He miss twice.

"Lion charges. I lift rifle, take aim a little better. Before I squeeze trigger, I see lion crumble in middle of air, fall to ground dead. We get down for look and see native spear through spine. Native decided no reason we orphan his children because we cannot hit side of house.

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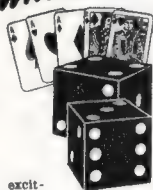
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I tell you—I don't blame him a bit."

Tom, ever the good sport, insisted that Sepy get the skin. It hangs, eight feet without the tail, over Sepy's bed in Coconut Grove—in remarkably fine condition, except for a two-inch scar at the spine where the spear entered.

The killer instinct is something the Hungarian huntsman never developed—not even during four years flying on the Eastern front against Russians.

Once Sepy parachuted from a flaming plane. (A prominent burn area, now fading after many years, testifies to this.) He landed once, unintentionally, at a Russian airdrome—but, since the field looked unfamiliar, took off hurriedly and escaped. But by far his most remarkable adventure came while flying a propaganda mission over the Russian lines in a Focke-Wulf trainer.

A speedy Russian Rata fighter got on Sepy's tail, and, enjoying his advantage, toyed with the leaflet-carrier. He seemed to be practicing—fired a burst high, then low. When he tired of this, he could easily put them away permanently, Sepy knew.

"We have no guns—so what to do? I tell co-pilot to quick snip wires on bales of propaganda leaflets next to open door, and push all out. I think maybe fighter be confuse, maybe blind for moment and if I dive maybe we get away. Snip! Push! Out go 100,000 pamphlet. Rata fly right into them, then fly out and keep right on shoot. But after minute or so, all of sudden he start smoke. What happen is leaflet sucked over holes in radiator, stop from cool. Motor get over-heat and catch fire, and Rata spin in and crash." Sepy shrugs. "Is impossible, but it happen. Don't know why is, but nothing normal ever happen to me."

That's Sepy's version, anyway. The Russians aren't talking.

Sepy's little black book is black, but not little. It weighs a pound and belongs in a vault rather than a dresser-drawer. Some 1,500 ladies' names are contained within its covers, and, Sepy says matter-of-factly, 600 of these are members of the Shark-tooth Club, with membership growing apace. (It even has formal recognition. Miami *News* columnist Herb Rau duly noted recently that Sepy was en route home from Europe. He ran the item under the heading: "Attention Shark-tooth Club members.")

Since the shark teeth are presented only to what *Time Magazine* calls "good and great friends," the 600 total seems as credible as the shoot-down with pamphlets item. But a group of cynics who spent some time with Sepy in New York

recently admitted their cynicism was shaken by seeing first hand the way this operator operates.

The teeth appear in places where sharks have never dared to swim—as in the powder room at Manhattan's swank El Morrocco recently, where this conversation between two charming ladies was overheard.

FIRST GIRL: "Oh, do you know Sepy Dobronyi?"

SECOND GIRL: "Of course. How do you think I got the shark's tooth?"

And, proudly, Sepy recalls one beauty contest he judged (he is in great demand for these, and the Miami area is loaded with them) at which one contestant acquaintance of his wore her shark's tooth, —perhaps, who can say, to steep the judge in so rosy a glow of memory that she might emerge the winner. Alas, her scheme failed. Nine others of the 20 contestants wore theirs, too.

Sepy prefers, however, girls from good families to models or artistic types. ("Manufacturers' daughters come down, have wonderful time, different from anything ever happen to them. After couple weeks, I help them think how bad this life is for them, how insecure, how good would be to marry nice millionaire. The beatniks I can't tell this to—they like too much my life.")

Certainly no man ever exercised more foresight in making women happy than Sepy. There is a reason, however, for the six brands of cigarettes stocked in a handsomely carved, antique Spanish treasure chest. ("One night girl friend want certain brand. I say won't these do? She say no. I have to go out and get her kind. By time I return, the moment is gone.")

Sepy entertains on a large scale on occasion. Recently, on the notable occasion of the "coming out" of his Brigitte Bardot statuette, Sepy hosted a typical Dobronyi do. The invitations read "black tie." They also read: "Bring your own plate and silverware."

A Hungarian gypsy band played now gay, now sad music. Two belly dancers, feebly constructed and sketchily attired, performed in grass skirts mowed to provocative perfection. Guests did bring their own plates, and, since no one takes home dirty dishes, Sepy now has the world's most unique service for 40—no two pieces alike, and, among them, a striking solid silver platter formerly the property of guest Gloria De Haven. Sepy, not having bothered to bring kitchenware when he moved from Havana, was not unappreciative. He held a contest, awarded a piece of sculpture to the guest

THE MYSTERY OF EICHMANN

In April CAVALIER

on sale February 28

who brought the most interesting plate.

Estimates of the party's cost to Sepy varied from \$2,000 to \$3,000. But since he and friend Jimmy Dene—noted Florida architect—did the cooking of the 40 pounds of beef, veal, and pork goulash and the decorating and the catering, Sepy's own rough cost computation was \$600. Although purely social, the party was worth more than that price in publicity—for which in his own casual way Sepy has quite a flair.

"The party was only for friends," he assures. Is it his fault that some of his best friends are photographers and newspapermen?

Like tonic, Sepy mixes well with the high or the humble. Lunchers at his home have included sports-car racer Sterling Moss and Porfirio Rubirosa. But Sepy enjoys deflating snobs and name-droppers. Once, in Havana, invited aboard the yacht of an elevated-nose acquaintance of the Southampton set, Sepy escorted an exotically dazzling young lady, and introduced her as a Philippine princess.

"Actually," he relates, "she was high-class call-girl—part white, part black, part Chinese. I rehearse her two days, teach her how to eat properly, how to act, give jewels to dress up, pay for hair-do, and borrow gown from friend with very elegant French dress shop. At dance on yacht, everyone very impress. All say to me what noble air of refinement she has, how well she carry self, what dignity. Next night I take them to Mombo Club,

where girls wait for men to pick up. We take table, friends look around enjoying atmosphere. One tap me on shoulder, horrified look on face.

"By George," he says, "Look—the princess!" I act very innocent. "Gee," I say, "What a pity! I have no idea she so broke."

Sepy Dobronyi, playboy on a shoestring, could, rather easily, if he liked, weave the shoestring into quite a substantial and secure rope. But such a rope, obliging him to spend more time working and less living and loving, would strangle Sepy.

Besides, if a man is already living like a millionaire, what need is there to become one? •

FLASH! Just as we went to press, we got the word that Sepy is now seeing more of how millionaires live. Seems the once gay bachelor took unto himself a wife and moved into the Rickenbacker estate in Miami. A report in the papers told of the love nest being robbed early in December of a cool \$50,000 in jewelry.

Will the new life change Sepy? We wouldn't make a prediction. Just keep tuned into your local newspaper. We think you'll be hearing and reading more about this lad for some time to come. And you must admit—he's a better success story than any Horatio Alger ever wrote.—The Editors

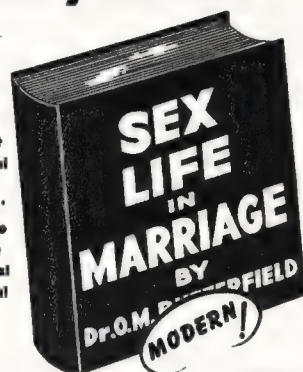
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"If Husbands Only Knew—"

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Described and Explained
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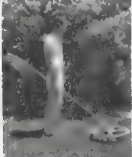
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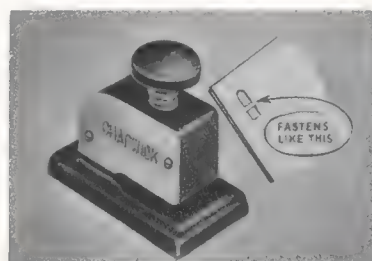
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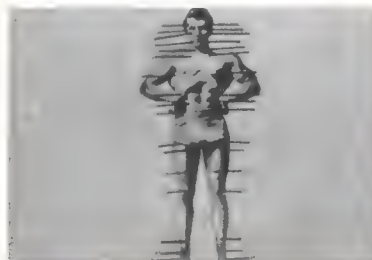
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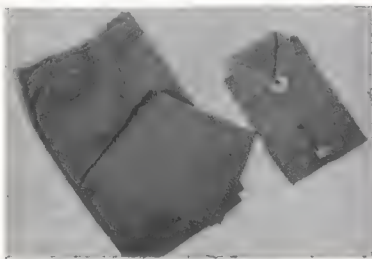
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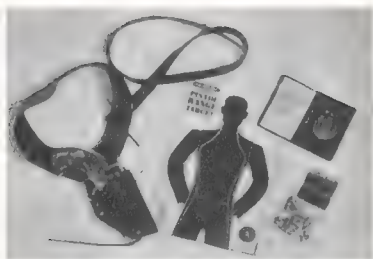


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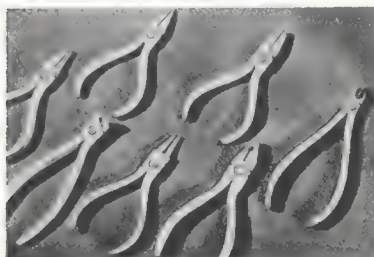
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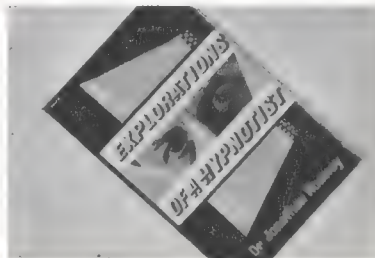
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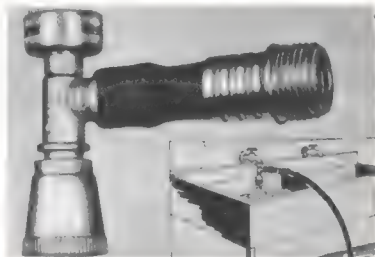
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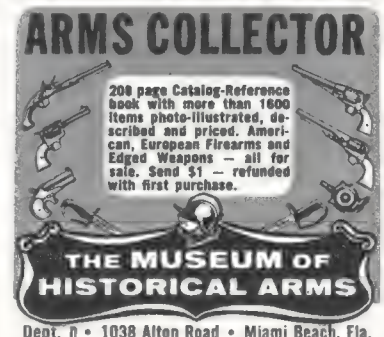
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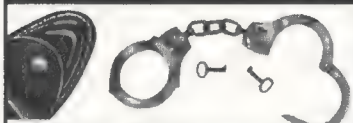
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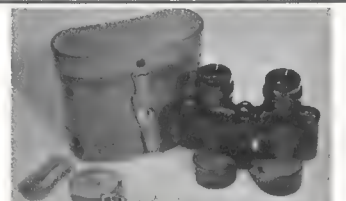
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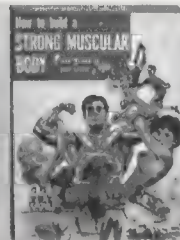
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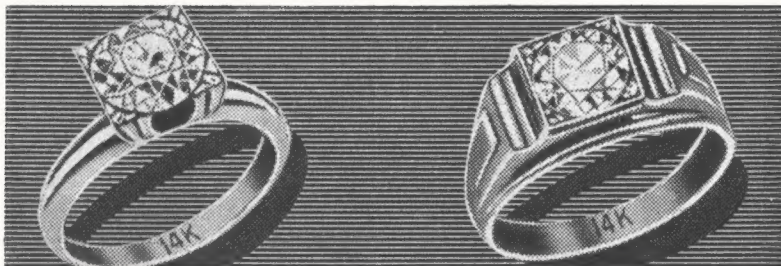


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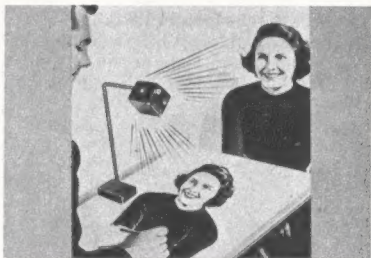


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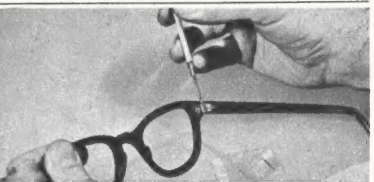
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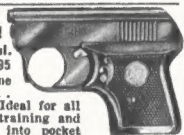


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A Funny One for the Road

Give a woman an inch and she thinks she's a ruler.

J.E.J., Minneapolis, Minn.



Once a little boy dashed into the house to complain to his father that his mother ran over his bike while she was backing the car out of the garage.

"Serves you right, son," replied the father. "How many times have I told you not to leave your bike on the porch?"

J.S., Junction City, Ohio



Some girls break a date by going out with him.

F.A.M., Cleveland, Ohio



A long time ago, the king of a small European country, being compassionate, decreed that hereafter no animals were to be killed within his kingdom. Naturally, in a short time, the kingdom was overrun with wild life. The people, after taking this invasion as long as they could, took matters into their own hands and overthrew the king.

This was the first time in history that a reign was called on account of game.

D.F., No. Adams, Mass.



Familiarity breeds attempt.

L.H.H., Roanoke, Va.



Two women were talking together in the lobby of an exclusive hotel at Miami Beach. One said: "You know, I met the most wonderful man here last night. He invited me up to his room and he gave me a full-length, mink coat!"

The other one said, "Really! And what did you have to do?"

"Oh, just shorten the sleeves."

M.W., Georgetown, Mass.



The reason they call those tiny bathing suits bikinis is because they don't cover the ladies atoll.

P.T., Detroit, Mich.



On the outskirts of a New Mexican desert town there are about three or four filling stations in a row. The first one has this sign: **BETTER FILL UP HERE... BEWARE OF FILLING STATION MIRAGES ALONG THE WAY.**

H.H., Washington, D.C.



Two well-dressed, matronly women entered a business office and approached an executive. "Sir," said one, "we are soliciting funds for the welfare and rehabilitation of wayward women. Would you care to donate?"

"Sorry," replied the executive. "But I contribute directly."

F.B., Holly, Colo.



Have you heard the one about the movie producer who always wanted to make a little extra?

H.E.P., Denver, Colo.



"Men," the sergeant shouted, "I have a nice easy job for the laziest rookie here. Will the laziest man step forward?" Instantly, all the men stepped forward—all but one.

"Why don't you step up to the front with the others?" demanded the sergeant.

"Too much trouble," drawled the rookie.

F.M., Cleveland, Ohio



A shotgun marriage is a case of wife or death.

D.R., Yellow Springs, Ohio



"You say you want to get a divorce on the grounds that your husband is careless about his appearance?"

"Yes. He hasn't shown up in nearly two years."

E.L., Ontario, Canada



A salesman was strolling around a country town when he slipped and fell into a cesspool.

"Help!" he yelled. "Fire! Fire!"

In due time the fire department arrived and he was pulled smelly and dirty from the hole.

"Why did you yell fire?" demanded the chief. "There's no fire here."

"What the hell did you expect me to yell?" asked the angry salesman.

P.J.C., New Orleans, La.



A salesgirl was showing a toy rocket to a prospective customer: "This is a very realistic space toy—half the time it doesn't work."

S.J., Portland, Oregon



A man was engaged in writing a book on the origins of certain clichés. One had given him a lot of trouble, but after a long search he hit pay dirt when he met a little old lady.

"It was years ago," began the little old lady. "I embarked on a Mediterranean cruise. Crossing the Atlantic we ran into stormy weather. I dropped in at the bar with a lady friend for a glass of port to settle our queasy stomachs."

"The bartender explained apologetically that through an oversight he hadn't his usual top-grade port on hand," she said. "He had, however, an inferior brand."


"And I said, 'Any port in a storm.'"

A.B.R., Erie, Pa.



Definition of a tired Santa Claus: a Beat-Nick.

C.W., Marquette, Mich.

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your hand. You can 'foss an attacker from the rear over your shoulder and slam him into the ground. (In fact, a recent photograph in Pageant Magazine shows a 115-lb. girl slamming her 240-lb. instructor into the practice mat!)

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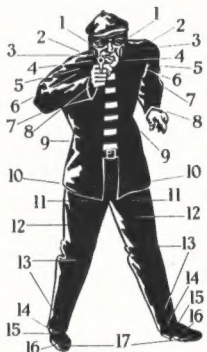
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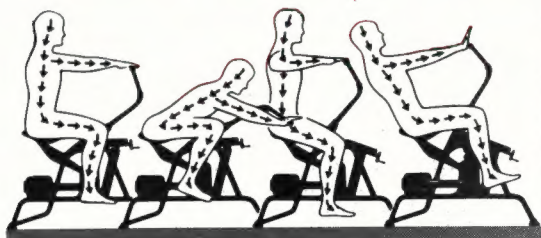
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